

ART-TYPE EDITION

POEMS

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



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CONTENTS

LEGENDARY

The Merrimack	1
Cassandra Southwick	4
Funeral Tree of Sokokis	9
Pentucket	12
The Fountain	14
The Exiles	17

VOICES OF FREEDOM

Toussaint L'Ouverture	25
The Slave-Ships	31
The Yankee Girl	34
To W. L. G.	36
Song of the Free	37
The Hunters of Men	38
The Christian Slave	40
Stanzas for the Times	42
Lines	44
The Pastoral Letter	46
The Farewell	49
The Moral Warfare	51
The World's Convention	52
New Hampshire	58
The New Year	58
Massachusetts to Virginia	63
The Relic	67
The Branded Hand	69
To Faneuil Hall	71
To Massachusetts	72
The Pine-Tree	74
Lines, on a Visit to Washington	75
Yorktown	79
Pæan	81
To a Southern Statesman	85
Lines on Slavery	86
The Curse of the Charter-Breakers	88
The Slaves of Martinique	91
The Crisis	94

MISCELLANEOUS

The Knight of St. John	98
The Holy Land	100
Palestine	101
Ezekiel	103
The Cities of the Plain	107
The Crucifixion	108
The Star of Bethlehem	109
Hymns	112
The Female Martyr	114
The Frost Spirit	117
The Vaudois Teacher	118
The Call of the Christian	119
My Soul and I	121
The Angel of Patience	126
Follen	127
To the Reformers of England	131
The Reformer	134
The Prisoner for Debt	137
The Human Sacrifice	139
Randolph of Roanoke	144
Democracy	147
Chalkley Hall	149
The Cypress-Tree of Ceylon	152
A Dream of Summer	154
To _____	155

SONGS OF LABOR AND OTHER POEMS

The Ship-Builders	161
The Shoemakers	163
The Drovers	165
The Fishermen	168
The Huskers	170
The Corn-Song	173
The Lumbermen	174

MISCELLANEOUS

The Angels of Buena Vista	179
Forgiveness	182
Barclay of Ury	182
What the Voice Said	186
To Delaware	188
Worship	189
The Pumpkin	190
Extract from "A New England Legend"	192

Hampton Beach	193
A Lament	196
Daniel Wheeler	197
Daniel Neall	201
To My Friend on the Death of His Sister	202
Gone	203
The Lake-Side	205
The Hill-Top	206
Memories	208
The Peace Convention at Brussels	210
The Wish of To-Day	213
Our State	214
All's Well	215
The Peace of Europe	216
April	218
A Sabbath Scene	219
The Poor Voter on Election Day	222
Kathleen	223
To My Old School-Master	226
THE PANORAMA AND OTHER POEMS	
The Panorama	232
Summer by the Lakeside	245
The Hermit of Thebaid	248
The Hero	252
The Barefoot Boy	255
BALLADS	
Mary Garvin	258
Maud Muller	262
Barbara Frietchie	266
SNOW-BOUND	269
OCCASIONAL POEMS	
The Eternal Goodness	288
Our Master	290
The Vanishers	295
Revisited	296
The Common Question	298
Bryant on His Birthday	299
Hymn	300
Thomas Starr King	302

LEGENDARY

THE MERRIMACK

[“The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to the south, which they call Merrimack.”—*SIEUR DE MONTS: 1604*.]

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.
Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;
And o'er these woods and waters broke
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
As brightly on the voyager's eye,
Weary of forest, sea, and sky.

Breaking the dull continuous wood,
The Merrimack rolled down his flood;
Mingling that clear pellucid brook,
Which channels vast Agioochook
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock
The frozen fountains of the rock,
And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake, "The Smile of Heaven,"
Tributes from vale and mountain-side,—
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story;
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters,—
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,
And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look!—the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;
And clearly on the calm air swells
The twilight voice of distant bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
The mists come slowly rolling in;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light, set
Within its wave-washed minaret,

Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

Home of my fathers!—I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Apalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!

Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore;
And saw, amidst the curtained gloom
And quiet of his lonely room,
Thy sunset scenes before him pass;
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
The loved and lost arose to view,
Remembered groves in greenness grew,
Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,
Along whose bowers of beauty swept
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,
Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept;
And while the gazer leaned to trace,
More near, some dear familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown,—
A phantom and a dream alone!

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK

1658

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil
away,—

Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of
stars;
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night-
time,
My grated casement whitened with autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

O, the weakness of the flesh was there,—the shrinking and the
shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
“Why sit’s thou thus forlornly!” the wicked murmur said,
“Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?

“Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father’s dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youths whose glances, the summer Sabbath
through,
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father’s pew?

“Why sit’s thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink thee with what
mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words
are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are
broken,
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of autumn the youthful hunters braid.

"O, weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth
bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

O, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel, O Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies!—for the peace and love I
felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
When "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew
weak;

"O Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her soul cast out
The fear of man, which brings a snare,—the weakness and the
doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered, like a cloud in morning's
breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like
these:
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen
wall,
Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and
cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and old,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and
jeer;

It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones,—go turn the prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled check the flush of anger spread;
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed not her
words so wild,
Her Master speaks within her,—the Devil owns his child!"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the
sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff, turning, said,—
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker maid?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!"—no voice, no sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my
ear,—

"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pitying friend was
nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea,—

"Pile my ship with bars of silver,—pack with coins of Spanish
gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just
applause.

"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn;

Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his
track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parch-
ment roll.

"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and
the priest,
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round the
silent bay,

As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

O, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill and stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free;
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid!

"Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm
Uplift the loud thanksgiving,—pour forth the grateful psalm;
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong,
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay his hand upon the
strong.

Woe to the wicked rulers in his avenging hour!
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour!

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy
wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lion, is mighty still to save!

FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS

1756

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak,
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak.
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
Though yet on her deliverer's wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,
What reck the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried,—
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died
Along Sebago's wooded side:

And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech, unclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide,—
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasseled garbs of skins arrayed,
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'T is done: the roots are backward sent,
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,—
The Indian's fitting monument!

When of that sleeper's broken race
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place
Which knew them once, retains no trace;

O, long may sunset's light be shed
As now upon that beech's head,—
A green memorial of the dead!

There shall his fitting requiem be,
In northern winds, that, cold and free,
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break
Forever round that lonely lake
A solemn undertone shall make!

And who shall deem the spot unblest,
Where Nature's younger children rest,
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less
These bronzed forms of the wilderness
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild-flowers blow
As if with fairer hair and brow
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest
No priestly knee hath ever pressed,—
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed.

What though the bigot's ban be there,
And thoughts of wailing and despair,
And cursing in the place of prayer!

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound,—
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all
His powerless bolts of cursing fall
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!
Great Nature owns her simple child!

And Nature's God, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known,—
The hidden language traced thereon;

Who from its many cumberings
Of form and creed, and outward things,
To light the naked spirit brings;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,
 Not with our pride and scorn shall ban,
 The spirit of our brother man!

PENTUCKET

1708

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
 The mellow light of sunset shone!
 Each small, bright lake, whose waters still
 Mirror the forest and the hill,
 Reflected from its waveless breast
 The beauty of a cloudless west,
 Glorious as if a glimpse were given
 Within the western gates of heaven,
 Left, by the spirit of the star
 Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood
 The dark and low-walled dwellings stood,
 Where many a rood of open land
 Stretched up and down on either hand,
 With corn-leaves waving freshly green
 The thick and blackened stumps between.
 Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
 The wild, untravelled forest spread,
 Back to those mountains, white and cold,
 Of which the Indian trapper told,
 Upon whose summits never yet
 Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
 Of danger darkly lurking near,
 The weary laborer left his plough,—
 The milkmaid caroled by her cow,—
 From cottage door and household hearth
 Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
 At length the murmur died away,
 And silence on that village lay,—
 So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
 Ere the quick earthquake swallowed all,

Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours passed away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimack along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hushed grouping of a dream,
Yet on the still air crept a sound,—
No bark of fox, nor rabbit's bound,
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hillside beat?
What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood?—
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No,—through the trees fierce eyeballs glowed,
Dark human forms in moonshine showed,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell the dead might wake to hear
Swelled on the night air, far and clear,—
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock,—
Then rang the rifle-shot,—and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken men,—
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain,—
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through
The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat filled the air,—
No shout was heard,—nor gunshot there:

Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
 From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
 And on the greensward many a stain,
 And, here and there, the mangled slain,
 Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
 Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell
 Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,
 Still show the door of wasting oak,
 Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
 And point the curious stranger where
 De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare,—
 Whose hideous head, in death still feared,
 Bore not a trace of hair or beard,—
 And still, within the churchyard ground,
 Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
 Whose grass-grown surface overlies
 The victims of that sacrifice.

THE FOUNTAIN

TRAVELLER! on thy journey toiling
 By the swift Powow,
 With the summer sunshine falling
 On thy heated brow,
 Listen, while all else is still,
 To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing
 By that streamlet's side,
 And a greener verdure showing
 Where its waters glide,—
 Down the hill-slope murmuring on,
 Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth
 O'er the sloping hill,
 Beautiful and freshly springeth
 That soft-flowing rill,
 Through its dark roots wreathed and bare
 Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never
In that magic well,
Of whose gift of life forever
Ancient legends tell,—
In the lonely desert wasted,
And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian
Sought with longing eyes,
Underneath the bright pavilion
Of the Indian skies;
Where his forest pathway lay
Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,
With the dusky brow
Of the outcast forest-ranger,
Crossed the swift Powow;
And betook him to the rill
And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness
For an instant shone
Something like a gleam of gladness,
As he stooped him down
To the fountain's grassy side,
And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing
O'er his mossy seat,
And the cool, sweet waters flowing
Softly at his feet,
Closely by the fountain's rim
That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given
To the woods below
Hues of beauty, such as heaven
Lendeth to its bow;
And the soft breeze from the west
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving
With his chains of sand;
Southward, sunny glimpses giving,
'Twixt the swells of land,
Of its calm and silvery track,
Rolled the tranquil Merrimack.

Over village, wood, and meadow
Gazed that stranger man,
Sadly, till the twilight shadow
Over all things ran,
Save where spire and westward pane
Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling
Of his warrior sires,
Where no lingering trace was telling
Of their wigwam fires,
Who the gloomy thoughts might know
Of that wandering child of woe?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,
Hills that once had stood
Down their sides the shadows throwing
Of a mighty wood,
Where the deer his covert kept,
And the eagle's pinion swept!

Where the birch canoe had glided
Down the swift Powow,
Dark and gloomy bridges strided
Those clear waters now;
And where once the beaver swam,
Jarred the wheel and frowned the dam.

For the wood-bird's singing,
And the hunter's cheer,
Iron clang and hammer's ringing
Smote upon his ear;
And the thick and sullen smoke
From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be his fathers ever
Loved to linger here?
These bare hills, this conquered river,—
Could they hold them dear,
With their native loveliness
Tamed and tortured into this?

Sadly, as the shades of even
Gathered o'er the hill,
While the western half of heaven
Blushed with sunset still,
From the fountain's mossy seat
Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown forever,
But he came no more
To the hillside or the river
Where he came before.
But the villager can tell
Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden
With their fruits or flowers,—
Roving boy and laughing maiden,
In their school-day hours,
Love the simple tale to tell
Of the Indian and his well.

THE EXILES

1660

THE goodman sat beside his door
One sultry afternoon,
With his young wife singing at his side
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air;
The dark green woods were still;
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud
Above the wilderness,
As some dark world from upper air
Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,
And all was still again,
Save a low murmur in the air
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
A weary stranger came,
And stood before the farmer's door,
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope
Was in his quiet glance,
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed
His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore
In Pilate's council-hall:
It told of wrongs,—but of a love
Meekly forgiving all.

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?"
The stranger meekly said;
And, leaning on his oaken staff,
The goodman's features read.

"My life is hunted,—evil men
Are following in my track;
The traces of the torturer's whip
Are on my aged back.

"And much, I fear, 't will peril thee
Within thy doors to take
A hunted seeker of the Truth,
Oppressed for conscience' sake."

O, kindly spoke the goodman's wife,—
"Come in, old man!" quoth she,—
"We will not leave thee to the storm,
Whoever thou mayst be."

Then came the aged wanderer in,
And silent sat him down;
While all within grew dark as night
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze
Filled every cottage nook,
And with the jarring thunder-roll
The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet
Came sounding up the lane,
And half a score of horse, or more,
Came plunging through the rain.

"Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy door,—
We would not be house-breakers;
A rueful deed thou 'st done this day,
In harboring banished Quakers."

Out looked the cautious goodman then,
With much of fear and awe,
For there, with broad wig drenched with rain,
The parish priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked man,
And let thy pastor in,
And give God thanks, if forty stripes
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the goodman,—
"The stranger is my guest:
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong,—
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave!"
And strong hands shook the door.
"Believe me, Macey," quoth the priest,—
"Thou 'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire:
"No priest who walks the earth,
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught
 The matchlock, hotly tried
 At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,
 By fiery Ireton's side;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,
 With shout and psalm contended;
 And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer,
 With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then:
 "My spirit is not free
 To bring the wrath and violence
 Of evil men on thee:

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,—
 Bethink thee of thy Lord,
 Who healed again the smitten ear,
 And sheathed his follower's sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led:
 Friends of the poor, farewell!"
 Beneath his hand the oaken door
 Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old graybeard, yea and nay,"
 The reckless scoffers cried,
 As to a horseman's saddle-bow
 The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long
 In Boston's crowded jail,
 Where suffering woman's prayer was heard,
 With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell:
 Those scenes have passed away,—
 Let the dim shadows of the past
 Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, sheriff!" quoth the ardent priest,—
 "Take Goodman Macey too;
 The sin of this day's heresy
 His back or purse shall rue."

"Now, goodwife, haste thee!" Macey cried,
 She caught his manly arm:—
 Behind, the parson urged pursuit,
 With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or naught,—
 The river-course was near:—
 The plashing on its pebbled shore
 Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasselled o'er with birch,
 Above the waters hung,
 And at its base, with every wave,
 A small light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat—and there
 The goodman wields his oar:
 "Ill luck betide them all,"—he cried,—
 "The laggards upon the shore."

Down through the crashing underwood,
 The burly sheriff came:—
 "Stand, Goodman Macey,—yield thyself;
 Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's face!"
 Bold Macey answered then,—
 "Whip *women*, on the village green,
 But meddle not with *men*."

The priest came panting to the shore,—
 His grave cocked hat was gone;
 Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung
 His wig upor a thorn.

"Come back,—come back!" the parson cried,
 "The church's curse beware."
 "Curse, an' thou wilt," said Macey, "but
 Thy blessing prithee spare."

"Vile scoffer!" cried the baffled priest,—
 "Thou 'lt yet the gallows see."
 "Who's born to be hanged, will not be drowned,"
 Quoth Macey, merrily;

"And so, sir sheriff and priest, good by!"
He bent him to his oar,
And the small boat glided quietly
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds
Scattered and fell asunder,
While feebler came the rush of rain,
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun
Looked out serene and warm,
Painting its holy symbol-light
Upon the passing storm.

O, beautiful! that rainbow span,
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended:—
One bright foot touched the eastern hills,
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope
The small boat glided fast,—
The watchers of "the Block-house" saw
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison
Sat shaking in their shoes,
To hear the dip of Indian oars,—
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,
(The men were all away,)
Looked out to see the stranger oar
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,
And Newbury's spire and weathercock
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,
The marsh lay broad and green;
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs crowned,
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye
The harbor-bar was crossed;—
A plaything of the restless wave,
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven
On land and water lay,—
On the steep hills of Agawam,
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,
And Gloucester's harbor-bar;
The watch-fire of the garrison
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning
On Massachusetts Bay!
Blue wave, and bright green island,
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety
Round isle and headland steep,—
No tempest broke above them,
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The vent'rous Macey passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,
They braved the rough sea-weather;
And there, in peace and quietness,
Went down life's vale together:

How others drew around them,
And how their fishing sped,
Until to every wind of heaven
Nantucket's sails were spread;

How pale Want alternated
With Plenty's golden smile;
Behold, is it not written
In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macey
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand,—
Free as the waves that batter
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,
No loftier spirit stirs,—
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!—
And grant forevermore,
That charity and freedom dwell
As now upon her shore!

VOICES OF FREEDOM

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

"T WAS night. The tranquil moonlight smile
With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down
Its beauty on the Indian isle,—
On broad green field and white-walled town;
And inland waste of rock and wood,
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,
Soft as the landscape of a dream,
All motionless and dewy wet,
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met:
The myrtle with its snowy bloom,
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom,—
The white cecropia's silver rind
Relieved by deeper green behind,—
The orange with its fruit of gold,—
The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—
The passion-flower, with symbol holy,
Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—
The rhebias dark, and cassia tall,
And proudly rising over all,
The kingly palm's imperial stem,
Crowned with its leafy diadem,
Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,
The fiery-winged cucullo played!

Yes,—lovely was thine aspect, then,
Fair island of the Western Sea!
Lavish of beauty, even when
Thy brutes were happier than thy men,
For they, at least, were free!
Regardless of thy glorious clime,
Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,
The toiling negro sighed, that Time
No faster sped his hours.

For, by the dewy moonlight still,
He fed the weary-turning mill,
Or bent him in the chill morass,
To pluck the long and tangled grass,
And hear above his scar-worn back
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack:
While in his heart one evil thought
In solitary madness wrought,
One baleful fire surviving still
 The quenching of the immortal mind,
 One sterner passion of his kind,
Which even fetters could not kill,—
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong!

Hark to that cry!—long, loud, and shrill,
From field and forest, rock and hill,
Thrilling and horrible it rang,
 Around, beneath, above;—
The wild beast from his cavern sprang.
 The wild bird from her grove!
Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony
Were mingled in that midnight cry;
But like the lion's growl of wrath,
When falls that hunter in his path
Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,
Is rankling in his bosom yet,
It told of hate, full, deep, and strong,
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong;
It was as if the crimes of years—
The unrequited toil, the tears,
The shame and hate, which liken well
Earth's garden to the nether hell—
Had found in nature's self a tongue,
On which the gathered horror hung;
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen
Burst on the startled ears of men
That voice which rises unto God,
Solemn and stern,—the cry of blood!
It ceased,—and all was still once more,
Save ocean chafing on his shore,
The sighing of the wind between
The broad banana's leaves of green,

Or bough by restless plumage shook,
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again
Pealed to the skies that frantic yell,
Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,
And flashes rose and fell;
And painted on the blood-red sky,
Dark, naked arms were tossed on high;
And, round the white man's lordly hall,
Trod, fierce and free, *the brute he made*;
And those who crept along the wall,
And answered to his lightest call
With more than spaniel dread,—
The creatures of his lawless beck,—
Were trampling on his very neck!
And on the night-air, wild and clear,
Rose woman's shriek of more than fear;
For bloodied arms were round her thrown,
And dark cheeks pressed against her own!

Then, injured Afric!—for the shame
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came
Full on the scornful hearts of those,
Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,
And to thy hapless children gave
One choice,—pollution or the grave!
Where then was he whose fiery zeal
Had taught the trampled heart to feel,
Until despair itself grew strong,
And vengeance fed its torch from wrong?
Now, when the thunderbolt is speeding;
Now, when oppression's heart is bleeding;
Now, when the latent curse of Time

It raining down in fire and blood,—
That curse which, through long years of crime,
Has gathered, drop by drop, its flood,—
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,
Where murder's sternest deeds are done?

He stood the aged palms beneath,
That shadowed o'er his humble door,

Listening, with half-suspended breath,
To the wild sounds of fear and death,
 Toussaint l'Ouverture!
What marvel that his heart beat high!
 The blow for freedom had been given,
And blood had answered to the cry
 Which Earth sent up to Heaven!
What marvel that a fierce delight
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,—
As groan and shout and bursting flame
Told where the midnight tempest came,
With blood and fire along its van,
And death behind!—he was a Man!

Yes, dark-souled chieftain!—if the light
 Of mild Religion's heavenly ray
Unveiled not to thy mental sight
 The lowlier and the purer way,
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,
 Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—
That calm reliance upon God
 For justice in his own good time,—
That gentleness to which belongs
 Forgiveness for its many wrongs,
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling
 For mercy on the evil-dealing,—
Let not the favored white man name
 Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.
Has he not, with the light of heaven
 Broadly around him, made the same?
Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,
 And gloried in his ghastly shame?—
Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,
 To offer mockery unto God,
As if the High and Holy One
 Could smile on deeds of murder done!—
As if a human sacrifice
 Were purer in his Holy eyes,
Though offered up by Christian hands,
 Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

Sternly, amidst his household band,
His carbine grasped within his hand,

The white man stood, prepared and still,
Waiting the shock of maddened men,
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when

The horn winds through their caverned hill.
And one was weeping in his sight,—

The sweetest flower of all the isle,—
The bride who seemed but yesternight

Love's fair embodied smile.
And, clinging to her trembling knee,
Looked up the form of infancy,
With tearful glance in either face
The secret of its fear to trace.

"Ha! stand or die!" The white man's eye

His steady musket gleamed along,
As a tall Negro hastened nigh,

With fearless step and strong.
"What, ho, Toussaint!" A moment more,

His shadow crossed the lighted floor.

"Away!" he shouted; "fly with me,—

The white man's bark is on the sea;—
Her sails must catch the seaward wind,
For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.

Our brethren from their graves have spoken,
The yoke is spurned,—the chain is broken;

On all the hills our fires are glowing,—

Through all the vales red blood is flowing!
No more the mocking White shall rest

His foot upon the Negro's breast;

No more, at morn or eve, shall drip

The warm blood from the driver's whip:

Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn
For all the wrongs his race have borne,—

Though for each drop of Negro blood
The white man's veins shall pour a flood;

Not all alone the sense of ill

Around his heart is lingering still,

Nor deeper can the white man feel

The generous warmth of grateful zeal

Friends of the Negro! fly with me,—

The path is open to the sea:

Away, for life!"—He spoke, and pressed
 The young child to his manly breast,
 As, headlong, through the crackling cane,—
 Down swept the dark insurgent train,—
 Drunken and grim, with shout and yell
 Howled through the dark, like sounds from hell.

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail
 Swayed free before the sunrise gale.
 Cloud-like that island hung afar,
 Along the bright horizon's verge,
 O'er which the curse of servile war
 Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge;
 And he—the Negro champion—where
 In the fierce tumult struggled he?
 Go trace him by the fiery glare
 Of dwellings in the midnight air,—
 The yells of triumph and despair,—
 The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
 Beneath Besançon's alien sky,
 Dark Haytien!—for the time shall come,
 Yea, even now is nigh,—
 When, everywhere, thy name shall be
 Redeemed from *color's infamy*;
 And men shall learn to speak of thee,
 As one of earth's great spirits, born
 In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
 Casting aside the weary weight
 And fetters of its low estate,
 In that strong majesty of soul
 Which knows no color, tongue, or clime,—
 Which still hath spurned the base control
 Of tyrants through all time!
 Far other hands than mine may wreath
 The laurel round thy brow of death,
 And speak thy praise, as one whose word
 A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—
 Who crushed his foeman as a worm,—
 Whose step on human hearts fell firm:—
 Be mine the better task to find
 A tribute for thy lofty mind,

Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
 Some milder virtues all thine own,—
 Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,
 Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—
 Proofs that the Negro's heart retains
 Some nobleness amidst its chains,—
 That kindness to the wronged is never
 Without its excellent reward,—
 Holy to human-kind and ever
 Acceptable to God.

THE SLAVE-SHIPS

"That fatal, that perfidious bark,
 Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."
Milton's Lycidas.

"ALL ready?" cried the captain;
 "Ay, ay!" the seamen said;
 "Heave up the worthless lubbers,—
 The dying and the dead."
 Up from the slave-ship's prison
 Fierce, bearded heads were thrust:
 "Now let the sharks look to it,—
 Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up,—
 Death had been busy there;
 Where every blow is mercy,
 Why should the spoiler spare?
 Corpse after corpse they cast
 Sullenly from the ship,
 Yet bloody with the traces
 Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
 With his arms upon his breast,
 With his cold brow sternly knotted,
 And his iron lip compressed.
 "Are all the dead dogs over?"—
 Growled through that matted lip,—
 "The blind ones are no better,
 Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
 The very sounds of hell!
 The ringing clank of iron,—
 The maniac's short, sharp yell!—
 The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled,—
 The starving infant's moan,—
 The horror of a breaking heart
 Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison
 The stricken blind ones came:
 Below, had all been darkness,—
 Above, was still the same.
 Yet the holy breath of heaven
 Was sweetly breathing there,
 And the heated brow of fever
 Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"
 Cutlass and dirk were plied;
 Fettered and blind, one after one,
 Plunged down the vessel's side.
 The sabre smote above,—
 Beneath, the lean shark lay,
 Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
 His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries
 Rang upward unto thee?
 Voices of agony and blood,
 From ship-deck and from sea.
 The last dull-plunge was heard,—
 The last wave caught its stain,—
 And the unsated shark looked up
 For human hearts in vain.

* * * * *

Red glowed the western waters,—
 The setting sun was there,
 Scattering alike on wave and cloud
 His fiery mesh of hair.

Amidst a group in blindness,
A solitary eye
Gazed, from the burdened slaver's deck,
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,
"Is gathering and at hand,—
Curse on 't—I'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land."
And then he laughed,—but only
His echoed laugh replied,—
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven.
"A sail!—thank God, a sail!"
And as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel,
Unheeding on her way,
So near that on the slaver's deck
Fell off her driven spray.
"Ho! for the love of mercy,—
We're perishing and blind!"
A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind:

"Help us! for we are stricken
With blindness every one;
Ten days we've floated fearfully,
Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship's the slaver Leon,—
We've but a score on board,—
Our slaves are all gone over,—
Help,—for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone,—

But the roar of wind and thunder
 Stifled the answering groan;
 Wailed from the broken waters
 A last despairing cry,
 As, kindling in the stormy light,
 The stranger ship went by.

* * * * *

In the sunny Guadaloupe
 A dark-hulled vessel lay,—
 With a crew who noted never
 The nightfall or the day.
 The blossom of the orange
 Was white by every stream,
 And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
 Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,
 And the moonlight slept as well,
 On the palm-trees by the hillside,
 And the streamlet of the dell:
 And the glances of the Creole
 Were still as archly deep,
 And her smiles as full as ever
 Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
 The green earth and the sky,
 And the smile of human faces,
 To the slaver's darkened eye;
 At the breaking of the morning,
 At the star-lit evening time,
 O'er a world of light and beauty
 Fell the blackness of his crime.

THE YANKEE GIRL

SHE sings by her wheel at that low cottage-door,
 Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
 With a music as sweet as the music which seems
 Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door,—
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'T is the great Southern planter,—the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen,—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them,—
For shame, Ellen, shame,—cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

"O, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

"O, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
'They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

O, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girl's—
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In fetters with them, than in freedom with thee!"

To W. L. G.

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand:
In view of penury, hate, and death,
I see thee fearless stand.
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
And promise of thy youth.

Go on,—for thou hast chosen well;
On in the strength of God!
Long as one human heart shall swell
Beneath the tyrant's rod.
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
As thou hast ever spoken,
Until the dead in sin shall hear,—
The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,
I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
The cloud of human ill.
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain,—
A searcher after fame;
That thou art striving but to gain
A long-enduring name;

That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand
 And steeled the Afric's heart,
 To shake aloft his vengeful brand,
 And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read
 Thy mighty purpose long?
 And watched the trials which have made
 Thy human spirit strong?
 And shall the slanderer's demon breath
 Avail with one like me,
 To dim the sunshine of my faith
 And earnest trust in thee?

Go on,—the dagger's point may glare
 Amid thy pathway's gloom,—
 The fate which sternly threatens there
 Is glorious martyrdom!
 Then onward with a martyr's zeal;
 And wait thy sure reward
 When man to man no more shall kneel,
 And God alone be Lord!

1833

SONG OF THE FREE

PRIDE of New England!
 Soul of our fathers!
 Shrink we all craven-like,
 When the storm gathers?
 What though the tempest be
 Over us lowering,
 Where's the New-Englander
 Shamefully cowering?
 Graves green and holy
 Around us are lying,—
 Free were the sleepers all,
 Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's
 Padlocks and scourges!
 Go,—let him fetter down
 Ocean's free surges!

Go,—let him silence
 Winds, clouds, and waters,—
 Never New England's own
 Free sons and daughters!
 Free as our rivers are
 Ocean-ward going,—
 Free as the breezes are
 Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,
 Haste we, and summon
 Courage and loveliness,
 Manhood and woman!
 Deep let our pledges be:
 Freedom forever!
 Truce with oppression,
 Never, O, never!
 By our own birthright-gift,
 Granted of Heaven,—
 Freedom for heart and lip,
 Be the pledge given!

If we have whispered truth,
 Whisper no longer;
 Speak as the tempest does,
 Sternier and stronger;
 Still be the tones of truth
 Louder and firmer,
 Startling the haughty South
 With the deep murmur;
 God and our charter's right,
 Freedom forever!
 Truce with oppression,
 Never, O, never!

1836

THE HUNTER'S OF MEN

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
 Through cane-brake and forest,—the hunting of men?
 The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,
 As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn;

Hark!—the cheer and the hallo!—the crack of the whip,
 And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!
 All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match,—
 Though hundreds are caught, there are millions to catch.
 So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
 Through cane-brake and forest,—the hunting of men!

Gay luck to our hunters!—how nobly they ride
 In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their pride!—
 The priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,
 Just screening the politic statesman behind,—
 The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer,
 The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.
 And woman,—kind woman,—wife, widow, and maid,
 For the good of the hunted, is lending her aid:
 Her foot 's in the stirrup, her hand on the rein,
 How blithely she rides to the hunting of men!

O, goodly and grand is our hunting to see,
 In this “land of the brave and this home of the free.”
 Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to Maine,
 All mounting the saddle,—all grasping the rein,—
 Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin
 Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin!
 Woe, now, to the hunted who turns him at bay!
 Will our hunters be turned from their purpose and prey?
 Will their hearts fail within them?—their nerves tremble, when
 All roughly they ride to the hunting of men?

Ho!—ALMS for our hunters! all weary and faint,
 Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint.
 The horn is wound faintly,—the echoes are still,
 Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.
 Haste,—alms for our hunters! the hunted once more
 Have turned from their flight with their backs to the shore:
 What right have *they* here in the home of the white,
 Shadowed o'er by *our* banner of Freedom and Right?
 Ho!—alms for the hunters! or never again
 Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of men!

ALMS,—ALMS for our hunters!! why *will* ye delay,
 When their pride and their glory are melting away?
 The parson has turned; for, on charge of his own,
 Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone?

The politic statesman looks back with a sigh,—
 There is doubt in his heart,—there is fear in his eye.
 O, haste, lest that doubting and fear shall prevail,
 And the head of his steed take the place of the tail.
 O, haste, ere he leave us! for who will ride then,
 For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men?

1835

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE

[In a late publication of L. F. Tasistro—"Random Shots and Southern Breezes"—is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "A GOOD CHRISTIAN!"]

A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!
 Who bids for God's own image?—for his grace,
 Which that poor victim of the market-place
 Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?
 Hast thou not said that whatsoe'er is done
 Unto thy weakest and thy humblest one
 Is even done to thee?

In that sad victim, then,
 Child of thy pitying love, I see thee stand,—
 Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,
 Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
 Wet with her blood your whips, o'er-task her frame,
 Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
 Her patience shall not fail!

A heathen hand might deal
 Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years:
 But her low, broken prayer and nightly tears,
 Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,
 Thou *prudent teacher*,—tell the toiling slave
 No dangerous tale of Him who came to save
 The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's free Gospel from her simple heart,
And to her darkened mind alone impart
One stern command,—OBEY!

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh; and while
On thee, their pampered guest, the planters smile,
Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell
From Northern pulpits how thy work was blest,
While in that vile South Sodom first and best,
Thy poor disciples sell.

O, shame! the Moslem thrall,
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebla feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day:

But our poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes,—
Its rites will only swell his market price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to thee, the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

O, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell,—
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
HOW LONG, O GOD, HOW LONG?

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES

Is this the land our fathers loved,
 The freedom which they toiled to win?
 Is this the soil whereon they moved?
 Are these the graves they slumber in?
 Are we the sons by whom are borne
 The mantles which the dead have worn?

And shall we crouch above these graves,
 With craven soul and fettered lip?
 Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,
 And tremble at the driver's whip?
 Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
 And speak—but as our masters please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
 Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
 Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel,—
 The dungeon's gloom,—the assassin's blow,
 Turn back the spirit roused to save
 The Truth, our Country, and the Slave?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
 Round which the priests of Mexico
 Before their loathsome idol prayed;—
 Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?
 And must we yield to Freedom's God,
 As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
 Which well might shame extremest hell?
 Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
 Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
 Shall Honor bleed?—shall Truth succumb?
 Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

No;—by each spot of haunted ground,
 Where Freedom weeps her children's fall,—
 By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound,—
 By Griswold's stained and shattered wall,—
 By Warren's ghost,—by Langdon's shade,—
 By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst
 The bands and fetters round them set,—
 By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
 Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—
 By all above, around, below,
 Be ours the indignant answer,—NO!

No;—guided by our country's laws,
 For truth, and right, and suffering man,
 Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
 As Christians *may*,—as freemen *can*!
 Still pouring on unwilling ears
 That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor still,
 While woman shrieks beneath his rod,
 And while he tramples down at will
 The image of a common God!
 Shall watch and ward be round him set,
 Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with him
 The danger and the growing shame?
 And see our Freedom's light grow dim,
 Which should have filled the world with flame?
 And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,
 A world's reproach around us burn?

Is 't not enough that this is borne?
 And asks our haughty neighbor more?
 Must fetters which his slaves have worn
 Clank round the Yankee farmer's door?
 Must he be told, beside his plough,
 What he must speak, and when, and how?

Must he be told his freedom stands
 On Slavery's dark foundations strong,—
 On breaking hearts and fettered hands,
 On robbery, and crime, and wrong?
 That all his fathers taught is vain,—
 That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life, its soul, from slavery drawn?
 False, foul, profane! Go,—teach a well
 Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!
 Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell!
 Of Virtue in the arms of Vice!
 Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, "brethren of the South,"—
 Ye shall not hear the truth the less;—
 No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,
 No fetter on the Yankee's press!
 From our Green Mountains to the sea,
 One voice shall thunder,—WE ARE FREE!

LINES

WRITTEN ON READING THE MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR RITNER, OF
PENNSYLVANIA, 1836

• THANK God for the token!—one lip is still free,—
 One spirit untrammeled,—unbending one knee!
 Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,
 Erect, when the multitude bends to the storm;
 When traitors to Freedom, and Honor, and God,
 Are bowed at an Idol polluted with blood;
 When the recreant North has forgotten her trust,
 And the lip of her honor is low in the dust,—
 Thank God, that one arm from the shackle has broken!
 Thank God, that one man as a *freeman* has spoken!

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been blown!
 Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur has gone!
 To the land of the South,—of the charter and chain,—
 Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's pain;
 Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the lips
 Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of whips!
 Where "chivalric" honor means really no more
 Than scourging of women, and robbing the poor!
 Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on high,
 And the words which he utters, are—WORSHIP, OR DIE!

Right onward, O speed it! Wherever the blood
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God;
Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining;
Wherever the lash of the driver is twining;
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,
Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart;
Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,
In silence and darkness, the God-given mind;
There, God speed it onward!—its truth will be felt,—
The bonds shall be loosened,—the iron shall melt!

And O, will the land where the free soul of PENN
Still lingers and breathes over mountain and glen,—
Will the land where a BENEZET's spirit went forth
To the peeled and the meter, and outcast of Earth,—
Where the words of the Charter of Liberty first
From the soul of the sage and the patriot burst,—
Where first for the wronged and the weak of their kind,
The Christian and statesman their efforts combined,—
Will that land of the free and the good wear a chain?
Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be vain?

No, RITNER!—her “Friends” at thy warning shall stand
Erect for the truth, like their ancestral band;
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time,
Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime;
Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to unite
Once again for the poor in defence of the Right;
Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide of Wrong,
Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges along;
Unappalled by the danger, the shame, and the pain,
And counting each trial for Truth as their gain!

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true,
Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due;
Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert with thine,
On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the Rhine,—
The German-born pilgrims, who first dared to brave
The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave:—
Will the sons of such men yield the lords of the South
One brow for the brand,—for the padlock one mouth?
They cater to tyrants?—They rivet the chain,
Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again?

No, never!—one voice, like the sound in the cloud,
When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more loud,
Wherever the foot of the freeman hath pressed
From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the West,
On the South-going breezes shall deepen and grow
Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below!
The voice of a PEOPLE,—uprisen,—awake,—
Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,
Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each height,
“OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY!—GOD FOR THE RIGHT!”

THE PASTORAL LETTER

So, this is all,—the utmost reach
Of priestly power the mind to fetter!
When laymen think—when women preach—
A war of words—a “Pastoral Letter!”
Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes!
Was it thus with those, your predecessors,
Who sealed with racks, and fire, and ropes
Their loving-kindness to transgressors?

A “Pastoral Letter,” grave and dull—
Alas! in hoof and horns and features,
How different is your Brookfield bull,
From him who bellows from St. Peter’s!
Your pastoral rights and powers from harm,
Think ye, can words alone preserve them?
Your wiser fathers taught the arm
And sword of temporal power to serve them.

O, glorious days,—when Church and State
Were wedded by your spiritual fathers!
And on submissive shoulders sat
Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers.
No vile “itinerant” then could mar
The beauty of your tranquil Zion,
But at his peril of the scar
Of hangman’s whip and branding-iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the Church
Of heretic and mischief-maker,

And priest and bailiff joined in search,
 By turns, of Papist, witch, and Quaker!
 The stocks were at each church's door,
 The gallows stood on Boston Common,
 A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—
 The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman!

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal
 With "non-professing" frantic teachers;
 They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,
 And flayed the backs of "female preachers."
 Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,
 And Salem's streets could tell their story,
 Of fainting woman dragged along,
 Gashed by the whip, accursed and gory!

And will ye ask me, why this taunt
 Of memories sacred from the scorner?
 And why with reckless hand I plant
 A nettle on the graves ye honor?
 Not to reproach New England's dead
 This record from the past I summon,
 Of manhood to the scaffold led,
 And suffering and heroic woman.

No,—for yourselves alone, I turn
 The pages of intolerance over,
 That, in their spirit, dark and stern,
 Ye haply may your own discover!
 For, if ye claim the "pastoral right,"
 To silence Freedom's voice of warning,
 And from your precincts shut the light
 Of Freedom's day around ye dawning;

If when an earthquake voice of power,
 And signs in earth and heaven, are showing
 That forth, in its appointed hour,
 The Spirit of the Lord is going!
 And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light
 On kindred, tongue, and people breaking,
 Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,
 In glory and in strength are waking!

When for the sighing of the poor,
 And for the needy, God hath risen,
 And chains are breaking, and a door
 Is opening for the souls in prison!
 If then ye would, with puny hands,
 Arrest the very work of Heaven,
 And bind anew the evil bands
 Which God's right arm of power hath riven,—

What marvel that, in many a mind,
 Those darker deeds of bigot madness
 Are closely with your own combined,
 Yet "less in anger than in sadness"?
 What marvel, if the people learn
 To claim the right of free opinion?
 What marvel, if at times they spurn
 The ancient yoke of your dominion?

A glorious remnant linger yet,
 Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountains,
 The coming of whose welcome feet
 Is beautiful upon our mountains!
 Men, who the gospel tidings bring
 Of Liberty and Love forever,
 Whose joy is an abiding spring,
 Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale
 Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,
 Which echoes here the mournful wail
 Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,
 Close while ye may the public ear,—
 With malice vex, with slander wound them,—
 The pure and good shall throng to hear,
 And tried and manly hearts surround them.

O, ever may the power which led
 Their way to such a fiery trial,
 And strengthened womanhood to tread
 The wine-press of such self-denial,
 Be round them in an evil land,
 With wisdom and with strength from Heaven,
 With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,
 And Deborah's song, for triumph given!

And what are ye who strive with God
 Against the ark of his salvation,
 Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,
 With blessings for a dying nation?
 What, but the stubble and the hay
 To perish, even as flax consuming,
 With all that bars his glorious way,
 Before the brightness of his coming?

And thou, sad Angel, who so long
 Hast waited for the glorious token,
 That Earth from all her bonds of wrong
 To liberty and light has broken,—
 Angel of Freedom! soon to thee
 The sounding trumpet shall be given,
 And over Earth's full jubilee
 Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS SOLD INTO
 SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone,—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
 Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
 Where the noisome insect stings,
 Where the fever demon strews
 Poison with the falling dews,
 Where the sickly sunbeams glare
 Through the hot and misty air,—
 Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters,—
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
 There no mother's eye is near them,
 There no mother's ear can hear them;
 Never, when the torturing lash
 Seams their back with many a gash,

Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.

O, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet them,—
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.

From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play,—
From the cool spring where they drank,—
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank,—
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there,—

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,—

Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
O that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth,—
By the bruised reed He spareth—
O, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

THE MORAL WARFARE

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood;
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past,—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place,—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
 We gird us for the coming fight,
 And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
 In conflict with unholy powers,
 We grasp the weapons He has given,—
 The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION, HELD IN LONDON IN 1840.

Yes, let them gather!—Summon forth
 The pledged philanthropy of Earth,
 From every land, whose hills have heard
 The bugle blast of Freedom waking;
 Or shrieking of her symbol-bird
 From out his cloudy eyrie breaking:
 Where Justice hath one worshipper,
 Or truth one altar built to her;
 Where'er a human eye is weeping
 O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children know,—
 Where'er a single heart is keeping
 Its prayerful watch with human woe:
 Thence let them come, and greet each other,
 And know in each a friend and brother!

Yes, let them come! from each green vale
 Where England's old baronial halls
 Still bear upon their storied walls
 The grim crusader's rusted mail,
 Battered by Paynim spear and brand
 On Malta's rock or Syria's sand!
 And mouldering pennon-staves once set
 Within the soil of Palestine,
 By Jordan and Genesaret;
 Or, borne with England's battle line,
 O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,
 Or, midst the camp their banners drooping,
 With dews from hallowed Hermon wet,
 A holier summons now is given
 Than that gray hermit's voice of old,
 Which unto all the winds of heaven

The banners of the Cross unrolled!
Not for the long-deserted shrine,—
 Not for the dull unconscious sod,
Which tells not by one lingering sign
 That there the hope of Israel trod;—
But for that TRUTH, for which alone
 In pilgrim eyes are sanctified
The garden moss, the mountain stone,
Whereon his holy sandals pressed,—
The fountain which his lip hath blessed,—
Whate'er hath touched his garment's hem
At Bethany or Bethlehem,
 Or Jordan's river-side.
For FREEDOM, in the name of Him
 Who came to raise Earth's drooping poor,
To break the chain from every limb,
The bolt from every prison door!
For these, o'er all the earth hath passed
An ever-deepening trumpet blast,
As if an angel's breath had lent
Its vigor to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowden's mountain wall,
Shall startle at that thrilling call,
 As if she heard her bards again;
And Erin's "harp on Tara's wall"
 Give out its ancient strain,
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal,—
 The melody which Erin loves,
When o'er that harp, 'mid bursts of gladness
And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,
 The hand of her O'Connell moves!
Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,
And mountain hold, and heathery hill,
 Shall catch and echo back the note,
As if she heard upon her air
Once more her Cameronian's prayer
 And song of Freedom float.
And cheering echoes shall reply
From each remote dependency,
Where Britain's mighty sway is known,
In tropic sea or frozen zone;
Where'er her sunset flag is furling,

Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling;
 From Indian Bengal's groves of palm
 And rosy fields and gales of balm,
 Where Eastern pomp and power are rolled
 Through regal Ava's gates of gold;
 And from the lakes and ancient woods
 And dim Canadian solitudes,
 Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,
 Queen of the North, Quebec looks down;
 And from those bright and ransomed Isles
 Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,
 And the dark laborer still retains
 The scar of slavery's broken chains!

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel
 The gateways of the land of Tell,
 Where morning's keen and earliest glance
 On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,
 And from the olive bowers of France
 And vine groves garlanding the Rhone,—
 "Friends of the Blacks," as true and tried
 As those who stood by Oge's side,
 And heard the Haytien's tale of wrong,
 Shall gather at that summons strong,—
 Broglie, Passy, and him whose song
 Breathed over Syria's holy sod,
 And in the paths which Jesus trod,
 And murmured midst the hills which hem
 Crownless and sad Jerusalem,
 Hath echoes whereso'er the tone
 Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come,—from Quito's walls,
 And from the Orinoco's tide,
 From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,
 From Santa Fe and Yucatan,—
 Men who by swart Guerrero's side
 Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS OF MAN,
 Broke every bond and fetter off,
 And hailed in every sable serf
 A free and brother Mexican!
 Chiefs who across the Andes' chain
 Have followed Freedom's flowing pennon,

And seen on Junin's fearful plain,
Glare o'er the broken ranks of Spain
 The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon!
And Hayti, from her mountain land,
 Shall send the sons of those who hurled
Defiance from her blazing strand,—
The war-gage from her Petion's hand,
 Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,
Land of the dark and mystic Nile!—
 Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame
 All tyrants of a Christian name,—
When in the shade of Gizeh's pile,
Or, where from Abyssinian hills
El Gerek's upper fountain fills,
Or where from Mountains of the Moon
El Abiad bears his watery boon,
Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim
 Within their ancient hallowed waters,—
Where'er is heard the Coptic hymn,
 Or song of Nubia's sable daughters,—
The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,
Thy bequest from remotest time,
At thy dark Mehemet's decree
Forevermore shall pass from thee;
 And chains forsake each captive's limb
Of all those tribes, whose hills around
Have echoed back the cymbal sound
 And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime
To earth's remotest bound and clime,
In mingled tones of awe and scorn,
The echoes of a world have borne,
My country! glorious at thy birth,
A day-star flashing brightly forth,—
 The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn!
O, who could dream that saw thee then,
 And watched thy rising from afar,
That vapors from oppression's fen
 Would cloud the upward tending star?
Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which heard,

Awe-struck, the shout which hailed thy dawning,
Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and king,
To mock thee with their welcoming,
Like Hades when her thrones were stirred
 To greet the down-cast Star of Morning!
“Aha! and art thou fallen thus?
Art THOU become as one of us?”

Land of my fathers!—there will stand,
Amidst that world-assembled band,
Those owning thy maternal claim
Unweakened by thy crime and shame,—
The sad reprovers of thy wrong,—
The children thou hast spurned so long.
Still with affection’s fondest yearning
To their unnatural mother turning.
No traitors they!—but tried and leal,
Whose own is but thy general weal,
Still blending with the patriot’s zeal
The Christian’s love for human kind,
To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering!—peaceful all:
No threat of war,—no savage call
 For vengeance on an erring brother!
But in their stead the godlike plan
To teach the brotherhood of man
 To love and reverence one another,
As sharers of a common blood,
The children of a common God!—
Yet, even at its lightest word,
Shall Slavery’s darkest depths be stirred:
Spain, watching from her Moro’s keep
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,
And Rio, in her strength and pride,
Lifting, along her mountain-side,
Her snowy battlements and towers,—
Her lemon-groves and tropic bowers,
With bitter hate and sullen fear
Its freedom-giving voice shall hear;
And where my country’s flag is flowing,
On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing

Above the Nation's council halls,
Where Freedom's praise is loud and long,
While close beneath the outward walls
The driver plies his reeking thong,—
The hammer of the man-thief falls,
O'er hypocritic cheek and brow
The crimson flush of shame shall glow:
And all who for their native land
Are pledging life and heart and hand,—
Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,
Who for her tarnished honor feel,—
Through cottage door and council-hall
Shall thunder an awakening call.
The pen along its page shall burn
With all intolerable scorn,—
An eloquent rebuke shall go
On all the winds that Southward blow,—
From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,
Warning and dread appeal shall come,
Like those which Israel heard from him,
The Prophet of the Cherubim,—
Or those which sad Esaias hurled
Against a sin-accursed world!
Its wizard leaves the Press shall fling
Unceasing from its iron wing,
With characters inscribed thereon,
As fearful in the despot's hall
As to the pomp of Babylon
The fire-sign on the palace wall!
And, from her dark iniquities,
Methinks I see my country rise:
Not challenging the nations round
To note her tardy justice done,—
Her captives from their chains unbound,
Her prisons opening to the sun:—
But tearfully her arms extending
Over the poor and unoffending;
Her regal emblem now no longer
A bird of prey, with talons reeking,
Above the dying captive shrieking,
But, spreading out her ample wing,—
A broad, impartial covering,—
The weaker sheltered by the stronger!—

O, then to Faith's anointed eyes
 The promised token shall be given;
 And on a nation's sacrifice,
 Atoning for the sin of years,
 And wet with penitential tears,—
 The fire shall fall from Heaven!

1839.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

1845.

God bless New Hampshire!—from her granite peaks
 Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.
 The long-bound vassal of the exulting South
 For very shame her self-forged chain has broken,—
 Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,
 And in the clear tones of her old time spoken!
 O, all undreamed-of, all unhoped-for changes!—
 The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe;
 To all his biddings, from her mountain ranges,
 New Hampshire thunders an indignant No!
 Who is it now despairs? O, faint of heart,
 Look upward to those Northern mountains cold,
 Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,
 And gather strength to bear a manlier part!
 All is not lost. The angel of God's blessing
 Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight;
 Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing,
 Unlooked-for allies, striking for the right!
 Courage, then, Northern hearts!—Be firm, be true:
 What one brave State hath done, can ye not also do?

THE NEW YEAR:

ADDRESSED TO THE PATRONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FREEMAN.

THE wave is breaking on the shore,—
 The echo fading from the chime,—
 Again the shadow moveth o'er
 The dial-plate of time!

O, seer-seen Angel! waiting now
With weary feet on sea and shore,
Impatient for the last dread vow
That time shall be no more!

Once more across thy sleepless eye
The semblance of a smile has passed:
The year departing leaves more nigh
Time's fearfullest and last.

O, in that dying year hath been
The sum of all since time began,—
The birth and death, the joy and pain,
Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with her change of sun and shower,
And streams released from Winter's chain,
And bursting bud, and opening flower,
And greenly growing grain;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,
And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,
And voices in her rising storm,—
God speaking from his cloud!—

And Autumn's fruits and clustering sheaves,
And soft, warm days of golden light,
The glory of her forest leaves,
And harvest-moon at night;

And Winter with her leafless grove,
And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,
The brilliance of her heaven above
And of her earth below:—

And man,—in whom an angel's mind
With earth's low instincts finds abode,—
The highest of the links which bind
Brute nature to her God;

His infant eye hath seen the light,
His childhood's merriest laughter rung,
And active sports to manlier might
The nerves of boyhood strung!

And quiet love, and passion's fires,
 Have soothed or burned in manhood's breast,
 And lofty aims and low desires
 By turns disturbed his rest.

The wailing of the newly-born
 Has mingled with the funeral knell;
 And o'er the dying's ear has gone
 The merry marriage-bell.

And Wealth has filled his halls with mirth,
 While Want, in many a humble shed,
 Toiled, shivering by her cheerless hearth,
 The live-long night for bread.

And worse than all,—the human slave,—
 The sport of lust, and pride, and scorn!
 Plucked off the crown his Maker gave,—
 His regal manhood gone!

O, still, my country! o'er thy plains,
 Blackened with slavery's blight and ban,
 That human chattel drags his chains,—
 An uncreated man!

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,
 My country, is thy flag unrolled,
 With scorn, the gazing stranger sees
 A stain on every fold.

O, tear the gorgeous emblem down!
 It gathers scorn from every eye,
 And despots smile and good men frown
 Whene'er it passes by.

Shame! shame! its starry splendors glow
 Above the slaver's loathsome jail,—
 Its folds are ruffling even now
 His crimson flag of sale.

Still round our country's proudest hall
 The trade in human flesh is driven,
 And at each careless hammer-fall
 A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men
 Vested with power to shield the right,
 And throw each vile and robber den
 Wide open to the light.

Yet, shame upon them!—there they sit,
 Men of the North, subdued and still;
 Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit
 To work a master's will.

Sold,—bargained off for Southern votes,—
 A passive herd of Northern mules,
 Just braying through their purchased throats
 Whate'er their owner rules.

And he,³⁵—the basest of the base,
 The vilest of the vile,—whose name,
 Embalmed in infinite disgrace,
 Is deathless in its shame!—

A tool,—to bolt the people's door
 Against the people clamoring there,
 An ass,—to trample on their floor
 A people's right of prayer!

Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast,
 Self-pilloried to the public view,—
 A mark for every passing blast
 Of scorn to whistle through;

There let him hang, and hear the boast
 Of Southrons o'er their pliant tool,—
 A new Stylites on his post,
 “Sacred to ridicule!”

Look we at home!—our noble hall,
 To Freedom's holy purpose given,
 Now rears its black and ruined wall,
 Beneath the wintry heaven,—

Telling the story of its doom,—
 The fiendish mob,—the prostrate law,—
 The fiery jet through midnight's gloom,
 Our gazing thousands saw.

*T. N. SAWAPURI.
Chemistry Department
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Look to our State,—the poor man's right
 Torn from him:—and the sons of those
 Whose blood in Freedom's sternest fight
 Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,
 That Slavery's guilty fears might cease,
 And those whom God created men
 Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm
 A bow of promise bends on high,
 And gleams of sunshine, soft and warm,
 Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is heard,
 Of freemen rising for the right:
 Each valley hath its rallying word,—
 Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,
 The strengthening light of freedom shines,
 Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay,—
 And Vermont's snow-hung pines!

From Hudson's frowning palisades
 To Alleghany's laurelled crest,
 O'er lakes and prairies, streams and glades,
 It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell
 In Slavery's land of woe and sin,
 And through the blackness of that hell,
 Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience quake
 Before that light poured full and strong,
 So shall the Southern heart awake
 To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land
 The song of grateful millions rise,
 Like that of Israel's ransomed band
 Beneath Arabia's skies:

And all who now are bound beneath
Our banner's shade, our eagle's wing,
From Slavery's night of moral death
To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain, and gone
The master's guilt, and hate, and fear,
And unto both alike shall dawn
A New and Happy Year.

1839.

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA

[Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.]

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its Southern way,

Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts Bay:—
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle bugle's peal,
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go,—
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words and high,
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along our sky;
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest labor here,
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's bank,—

Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which man

The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann,

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms,
 Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling with the
 storms;
 Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves they
 roam,
 They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky
 home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the day
 When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel array?
 How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men
 Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornwallis,
 then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call
 Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall?
 When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each
 breath
 Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIBERTY OR
 DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved
 False to their fathers' memory,—false to the faith they loved,
 If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great charter spurn,
 Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell,—
 Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's yell,—
 We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,
 From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow;
 The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
 Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow and calm and
 cool,
 She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free* State may,
 Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day;
 But that one dark loathsome burden ye must stagger with
 alone,
 And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's
free air
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild
despair;
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes upon your
plains
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,
By watching round the shambles where human flesh is sold,—
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value,
when
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's
den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginia name;
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds of
shame;
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe,—
We wash our hands forever of your sin and shame and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine hath
been,
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's mountain
men:
The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of gray,
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning
spoke;
How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city broke;

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,—
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply;
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons
rang,
And up from bench and loom and wheel her young mechanicks
sprang!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex,—of thousands as of one,—
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington,—
From Norfolk's ancient villages, from Plymouth's rocky bound
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round;—

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua flows,
To where Wachusett's wintry blasts the mountain larches stir,
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of "God save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea spray,—
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett Bay!
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from
Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and daughters,—
Deep calling unto deep aloud,—the sound of many waters!
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall
stand?

No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;
You've spurned our kindest counsels,—you've hunted for our
lives,—

And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and
gyves!

We wage no war,—we lift no arm,—we fling no torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;
We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given
For freedom and humanity is registered in heaven;

*No slave-hunt in our borders,—no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State,—no slave upon our land!*

THE RELIC

[PENNSYLVANIA HALL, dedicated to Free Discussion and the cause of human liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood-work which the fire had spared.]

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,
From one whose fiery heart of youth
With mine has beaten, side by side,
For Liberty and Truth;
With honest pride the gift I take,
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells
Of generous hand and heart sincere;
Around that gift of friendship dwells
A memory doubly dear,—
Earth's noblest aim,—man's holiest thought,
With that memorial frail inwrought!

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers unfold,
And precious memories round it cling,
Even as the Prophet's rod of old
In beauty blossoming:
And buds of feeling pure and good
Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine!—a brand
Plucked from its burning!—let it be
Dear as a jewel from the hand
Of a lost friend to me!—
Flower of a perished garland left,
Of life and beauty unbereft!

O, if the young enthusiast bears,
O'er weary waste and sea, the stone
Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs,
Or round the Parthenon;
Or olive-bough from some wild tree
Hung over old Thermopylæ:

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,
 Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary,—
 Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom
 On fields renowned in story,—
 Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,
 Or the gray rock by Druids blessed;

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly growing
 Where Freedom led her stalwart kern,
 Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blowing
 On Bruce's Bannockburn,—
 Or Runnymede's wild English rose,
 Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows!—

If it be true that things like these
 To heart and eye bright visions bring,
 Shall not far holier memories
 To this memorial cling?
 Which needs no mellowing mist of time
 To hide the crimson stains of crime!

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned,—
 Of courts where Peace with Freedom trod,
 Lifting on high, with hands unstained,
 Thanksgiving unto God;
 Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading
 For human hearts in bondage bleeding!—

Where, midst the sound of rushing feet
 And curses on the night-air flung,
 That pleading voice rose calm and sweet
 From woman's earnest tongue;
 And Riot turned his scowling glance,
 Awed, from her tranquil countenance!

That temple now in ruin lies!—
 The fire-stain on its shattered wall,
 And open to the changing skies
 Its black and roofless hall.
 It stands before a nation's sight,
 A gravestone over buried Right!

But from that ruin, as of old,
 The fire-scorched stones themselves are crying,
 And from their ashes white and cold
 Its timbers are replying!
 A voice which slavery cannot kill
 Speaks from the crumbling arches still!

And even this relic from thy shrine,
 O holy Freedom! hath to me
 A potent power, a voice and sign
 To testify of thee;
 And, grasping it, methinks I feel
 A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod,
 Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian wave,
 Which opened, in the strength of God,
 A pathway for the slave,
 It yet may point the bondman's way,
 And turn the spoiler from his prey.

THE BRANDED HAND

1846

WELCOME home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful
 brow and gray.

And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day,—
 With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve in
 vain

Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens aim
 To make God's truth thy falsehood, his holiest work thy
 shame?

When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was with-
 drawn,

How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn!

They change to wrong the duty which God hath written out
 On the great heart of humanity, too legible for doubt!

They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from footsole up to
 crown,

Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations, as they tread our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND!

As the Templar home was welcome, bearing back from Syrian
wars

The scars of Arab lances and of Paynim scymitars,
The pallor of the prison, and the shackle's crimson span,
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and
man.

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,
Thou for his living presence in the bound and bleeding slave;
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God!

For, while the jurist, sitting with the slave-whip o'er him
swung,

From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's
blood for wine,—

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off Saviour knelt,
And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Saviour
dwelt;

Thou beheld'st him in the task-field, in the prison shadows
dim,
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto him!

In thy lone and long night-watches, sky above and wave below,
Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than the babbling school-
men know;

God's stars and silence taught thee, as his angels only can,
That the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is
Man!

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his
need;

But woe to him who crushes the soul with chain and rod,
And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right-hand, bold ploughman of the wave!
 Its branded palm shall prophesy, "SALVATION TO THE SLAVE!"
 Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
 His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air,—
 Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God, look there!
 Take it henceforth for your standard, like the Bruce's heart of
 yore,
 In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave-land shall tremble at that sign,
 When it points its finger Southward along the Puritan line:
 Woe to the State-gorged leeches and the Church's locust band,
 When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that
 hand!

TO FANEUIL HALL

1844

MEN!—if manhood still ye claim,
 If the Northern pulse can thrill,
 Roused by wrong or stung by shame,
 Freely, strongly still,—
 Let the sounds of traffic die:
 Shut the mill-gate,—leave the stall,—
 Fling the axe and hammer by,—
 Throng to Faneuil Hall!

Wrongs which freemen never brooked,—
 Dangers grim and fierce as they,
 Which, like couching lions, looked
 On your father's way,—
 These your instant zeal demand,
 Shaking with their earthquake-call
 Every rood of Pilgrim land,
 Ho, to Faneuil Hall!

From your capes and sandy bars,—
 From your mountain-ridges cold,
 Through whose pines the westering stars
 Stoop their crowns of gold,—

Come, and with your footsteps wake
 Echoes from that holy wall;
 Once again, for Freedom's sake,
 Rock your fathers' hall!

Up, and tread beneath your feet
 Every cord by party spun:
 Let your hearts together beat
 As the heart of one.
 Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,
 Let them rise or let them fall:
 Freedom asks your common aid,—
 Up, to Faneuil Hall!

Up, and let each voice that speaks
 Ring from thence to Southern plains,
 Sharply as the blow which breaks
 Prison-bolts and chains!
 Speak as well becomes the free:
 Dreaded more than steel or ball,
 Shall your calmest utterance be,
 Heard from Faneuil Hall!

Have they wronged us? Let us then
 Render back nor threats nor prayers;
 Have they chained our free-born men?
 LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS!
 Up, your banner leads the van,
 Blazoned, "Liberty for all!"
 Finish what your sires began!
 Up, to Faneuil Hall!

To MASSACHUSETTS

1844

WHAT though around thee blazes
 No fiery rallying sign?
 From all thy own high places,
 Give heaven the light of thine!
 What though unthrilled, unmoving,
 The statesman stand apart,
 And comes no warm approving
 From Mammon's crowded mart?

Still, let the land be shaken
By a summons of thine own!
By all save truth forsaken,
Why, stand with that alone!
Shrink not from strife unequall
With the best is always hope;
And ever in the sequel
God holds the right side up!

But when, with thine uniting,
Come voices long and loud,
And far-off hills are writing
Thy fire-words on the cloud;
When from Penobscot's fountains
A deep response is heard,
And across the Western mountains
Rolls back thy rallying word;

Shall thy line of battle falter,
With its allies just in view?
O, by hearth and holy altar,
My fatherland, be true!
Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom!
Speed them onward far and fast!
Over hill and valley speed them,
Like the sibyl's on the blast!

Lo! the Empire State is shaking
The shackles from her hand;
With the rugged North is waking
The level sunset land!
On they come,—the free battalions!
East and West and North they come,
And the heart-beat of the millions
Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

“To the tyrant's plot no favor!
No heed to place-fed knaves!
Bar and bolt the door forever
Against the land of slaves!”
Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,
The Heavens above us spread!
The land is roused,—its spirit
Was sleeping, but not dead!

THE PINE-TREE

1846

LIFT again the stately emblem on the Bay State's rusted shield,
 Give to Northern winds the Pine-Tree on our banner's tattered
 field.

Sons of men who sat in council with their Bibles round the
 board,

Answering England's royal missive with a firm, "THUS SAITH
 THE LORD!"

Rise again for home and freedom!—set the battle in array!—
 What the fathers did of old time we their sons must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs,—cease your paltry pedler
 cries,—

Shall the good State sink her honor that your gambling stocks
 may rise?

Would ye barter man for cotton?—That your gains may sum
 up higher,

Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our children through
 the fire?

Is the dollar only real?—God and truth and right a dream?

Weighed against your lying ledgers must our manhood kick
 the beam?

O my God!—for that free spirit, which of old in Boston town
 Smote the Province House with terror, struck the crest of
 Andros down!—

For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's streets to cry,
 "Up for God and Massachusetts!—Set your feet on Mammon's
 lie!

Perish banks and perish traffic,—spin your cotton's latest
 pound,—

But in Heaven's name keep your honor,—keep the heart o' the
 Bay State sound!"

Where's the MAN for Massachusetts?—Where's the voice to
 speak her free?—

Where's the hand to light up bonfires from her mountains to
 the sea?

Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer?—Sits she dumb in her
 despair?—

Has she none to break the silence?—Has she none to do and
dare?

O my God! for one right worthy to lift up her rusted shield,
And to plant again the Pine-Tree in her banner's tattered field!

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, IN THE 12TH
MONTH OF 1845.

WITH a cold and wintry noon-light,
On its roofs and steeples shed,
Shadows weaving with the sunlight
From the gray sky overhead,
Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies the half-built town out-
spread.

Through this broad street, restless ever,
Ebbs and flows a human tide,
Wave on wave a living river;
Wealth and fashion side by side:
Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the same quick current glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose coping
Springs above them, vast and tall,
Grave men in the dust are groping
For the largess, base and small,
Which the hand of Power is scattering, crumbs which from
its table fall.

Base of heart! They vilely barter
Honor's wealth for party's place:
Step by step on Freedom's charter
Leaving footprints of disgrace;
For to-day's poor pittance turning from the great hope of their
race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing
Glory round the dancer's hair,
Gold-tressed, like an angel's, flowing
Backward on the sunset air;
And the low quick pulse of music beats its measure sweet and

There to-night shall woman's glances,
 Star-like, welcome give to them,
 Fawning fools with shy advances
 Seek to touch their garments' hem,
 With the tongue of flattery glozing deeds which God and
 Truth condemn

From this glittering lie my vision
 Takes a broader, sadder range,
 Full before me have arisen
 Other pictures dark and strange;
 From the parlor to the prison must the scene and witness
 change.

Hark! the heavy gate is swinging
 On its hinges, harsh and slow;
 One pale prison lamp is flinging
 On a fearful group below
 Such a light as leaves to terror whatsoe'er it does not show.

Pitying God!—Is that a WOMAN
 On whose wrist the shackles clash?
 Is that shriek she utters human,
 Underneath the stinging lash?
 Are they MEN whose eyes of madness from that sad procession
 flash?

Still the dance goes gayly onward!
 What is it to Wealth and Pride
 That without the stars are looking
 On a scene which earth should hide?
 That the SLAVE-SHIP lies in waiting, rocking on Potomac's tide!

Vainly to that mean Ambition
 Which, upon a rival's fall,
 Winds above its old condition,
 With a reptile's slimy crawl,
 Shall the pleading voice of sorrow, shall the slave in anguish
 call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,
 Giving to ideal woe
 Graceful luxury of compassion,

Shall the stricken mourner go;
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow, beautiful the hollow show!

Nay, my words are all too sweeping:
In this crowded human mart,
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping;
Man's strong will and woman's heart,
In the coming strife for Freedom, yet shall bear their generous
part.

And from yonder sunny valleys,
Southward in the distance lost,
Freedom yet shall summon allies
Worthier than the North can boast,
With the Evil by their hearth-stones grappling at severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing:
Faint the heart and weak the knee;
And as yet no lip is thrilling
With the mighty words, "BE FREE!"
Tarieth long the land's Good Angel, but his advent is to be!

Meanwhile, turning from the revel
To the prison-cell my sight,
For intenser hate of evil,
For a keener sense of right,
Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee, City of the Slaves, to-night!

"To thy duty now and ever!
Dream no more of rest or stay;
Give to Freedom's great endeavor
All thou art and hast to-day":—
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a Voice, or seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted
To discern and love the right,
Whose worn faces have been lifted
To the slowly-growing light,
Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted slowly back the murk
of night!—

Ye who through long years of trial
Still have held your purpose fast,
While a lengthening shade the dial
From the westering sunshine cast,
And of hope each hour's denial seemed an echo of the last!—

O my brothers! O my sisters!
Would to God that ye were near,
Gazing with me down the vistas
Of a sorrow strange and drear;
Would to God that ye were listeners to the Voice I seem to
hear!

With the storm above us driving,
With the false earth mined below,—
Who shall marvel if thus striving
We have counted friend as foe;
Unto one another giving in the darkness blow for blow.

Well it may be that our natures
Have grown sterner and more hard,
And the freshness of their features
Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,
And their harmonies of feeling over-tasked and rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us
From a purpose true and brave;
Dearer Freedom's rugged service
Than the pastime of the slave;
Better is the storm above it than the quiet of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding
All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the inward
ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes?
Shall we grieve the holy angels? Shall we cloud their blessed
skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is not day!

YORKTOWN

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
Who bends his keen, approving glance
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;
October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
And down night's double blackness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go:
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides bannerless:
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with fear;
The New World's chain lies broken here!

But who are they, who, cowering, wait
Within the shattered fortress gate?
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,
Classed with the battle's common spoil,
With household stuffs, and fowl, and swine,
With Indian weed and planters' wine,
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn,—
Are they not men, Virginian born?

O, veil your faces, young and brave!
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!
Sons of the Northland, ye who set
Stout hearts against the bayonet,
And pressed with steady footfall near
The moated battery's blazing tier,
Turn your scarred faces from the sight,
Let shame do homage to the right!

Lo! threescore years have passed; and where
The Gallic timbrel stirred the air,
With Northern drum-roll, and the clear,
Wild horn-blow of the mountaineer,
While Britain grounded on that plain
The arms she might not lift again,
As abject as in that old day
The slave still toils his life away.

O, fields still green and fresh in story,
Old days of pride, old names of glory,
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of men,

Ye spared the wrong; and over all
 Behold the avenging shadow fall!
 Your world-wide honor stained with shame,—
 Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where's now the flag of that old war?
 Where flows its stripe? Where burns its star?
 Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,
 Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,
 Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,
 Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak;
 Symbol of terror and despair,
 Of chains and slaves, go seek it there!

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks!
 Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks!
 Brave sport to see the fledgling born
 Of Freedom by its parent torn!
 Safe now is Speilberg's dungeon cell,
 Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell:
 With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,
 What of the New World fears the Old?

PÆAN

1848

Now, joy and thanks forevermore!
 The dreary night has wellnigh passed,
 The slumbers of the North are o'er,
 The Giant stands erect at last!

More than we hoped in that dark time
 When, faint with watching, few and worn,
 We saw no welcome day-star climb
 The cold gray pathway of the morn!

O weary hours! O night of years!
 What storms our darkling pathway swept,
 Where, beating back our thronging fears,
 By Faith alone our march we kept.

How jeered the scoffing crowd behind,
How mocked before the tyrant train,
As, one by one, the true and kind
Fell fainting in our path of pain!

They died,—their brave hearts breaking slow,—
But, self-forgetful to the last,
In words of cheer and bugle blow
Their breath upon the darkness passed.

A mighty host, on either hand,
Stood waiting for the dawn of day
To crush like reeds our feeble band;
The morn has come,—and where are they?

Troop after troop their line forsakes;
With peace-white banners waving free,
And from our own the glad shout breaks,
Of Freedom and Fraternity!

Like mist before the growing light,
The hostile cohorts melt away;
Our frowning foemen of the night
Are brothers at the dawn of day!

As unto these repentant ones
We open wide our toil-worn ranks,
Along our line a murmur runs
Of song, and praise, and grateful thanks.

Sound for the onset!—Blast on blast!
Till Slavery's minions cower and quail;
One charge of fire shall drive them fast
Like chaff before our Northern gale!

O prisoners in your house of pain,
Dumb, toiling millions, bound and sold,
Look! stretched o'er Southern vale and plain,
The Lord's delivering hand behold!
Above the tyrant's pride of power,
His iron gates and guarded wall,
The bolts which shattered Shinar's tower
Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall.

Awake! awake! my Fatherland!
It is thy Northern light that shines;
This stirring march of Freedom's band
The storm-song of thy mountain pines.
Wake, dwellers where the day expires!
And hear, in winds that sweep your lakes
And fan your prairies' roaring fires,
The signal-call that Freedom makes!

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY

GONE to thy Heavenly Father's rest!
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing,
And on thine ear the murmurs blest
Of Siloa's waters softly flowing!
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves
In the white robe of angels clad,
And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad
The city of our God forever!

Gentlest of spirits!—not for thee
Our tears are shed, our sighs are given;
Why mourn to know thou art a free
Partaker of the joys of Heaven?
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death;
And beautiful as sky and earth,
When autumn's sun is downward going,
The blessed memory of thy worth
Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But woe for us! who linger still
With feebler strength and hearts less lowly,
And minds less steadfast to the will
Of Him whose every work is holy.
For not like thine, is crucified
The spirit of our human pride:

And at the bondman's tale of woe,
 And for the outcast and forsaken,
 Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,
 Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way
 The storm of human hate is sweeping;
 Hunted and branded, and a prey,
 Our watch amidst the darkness keeping,
 O for that hidden strength which can
 Nerve unto death the inner man!
 O for thy spirit, tried and true,
 And constant in the hour of trial,
 Prepared to suffer, or to do,
 In meekness and in self-denial.

O for that spirit, meek and mild,
 Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining,—
 By man deserted and reviled,
 Yet faithful to its trust remaining.
 Still prompt and resolute to save
 From scourge and chain the hunted slave;
 Unwavering in the Truth's defence,
 Even where the fires of Hate were burning,
 The unquailing eye of innocence
 Alone upon the oppressor turning!

O loved of thousands! to thy grave,
 Sorrowing of heart thy brethren bore thee.
 The poor man and the rescued slave
 Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee;
 And grateful tears, like summer rain,
 Quickened its dying grass again!
 And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,
 Shall come the outcast and the lowly,
 Of gentle deeds and words of thine
 Recalling memories sweet and holy!

O for the death the righteous die!
 An end, like autumn's day declining,
 On human hearts, as on the sky,
 With holier, tenderer beauty shining;

As to the parting soul were given
 The radiance of an opening Heaven!
 As if that pure and blessed light,
 From off the Eternal altar flowing,
 Were bathing, in its upward flight,
 The spirit to its worship going!

TO A SOUTHERN STATESMAN

1846

Is this thy voice, whose treble notes of fear
 Wail in the wind? And dost thou shake to hear,
 Actæon-like, the bay of thine own hounds,
 Spurning the leash, and leaping o'er their bounds?
 Sore-baffled statesman! when thy eager hand,
 With game afoot, unslipped the hungry pack,
 To hun' down Freedom in her chosen land,
 Hadst thou no fear, that, ere long, doubling back,
 These dogs of thine might snuff on Slavery's track?
 Where's now the boast, which even thy guarded tongue,
 Cold, calm, and proud, in the teeth o' the Senate flung,
 O'er the fulfilment of thy baleful plan,
 Like Satan's triumph at the fall of man?
 How stood'st thou then, thy feet on Freedom planting,
 And pointing to the lurid heaven afar,
 Whence all could see, through the south windows slanting,
 Crimson as blood, the beams of that Lone Star!
 The Fates are just; they give us but our own;
 Nemesis ripens what our hands have sown.
 There is an Eastern story, not unknown,
 Doubtless, to thee, of one whose magic skill
 Called demons up his water-jars to fill;
 Deftly and silently, they did his will,
 But, when the task was done, kept pouring still.
 In vain with spell and charm the wizard wrought,
 Faster and faster were the buckets brought,
 Higher and higher rose the flood around,
 Till the fiends clapped their hands above their master drowned!
 So, Carolinian, it may prove with thee,
 For God still overrules man's schemes, and takes
 Craftiness in its self-set snare, and makes
 The wrath of man to praise Him. It may be,

That the roused spirits of Democracy
 May leave to freer States the same wide door
 Through which thy slave-cursed Texas entered in,
 From out the blood and fire, the wrong and sin,
 Of the stormed city and the ghastly plain,
 Beat by hot hail, and wet with bloody rain,
 A myriad-handed Aztec host may pour,
 And swarthy South with pallid North combine
 Back on thyself to turn thy dark design.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE ADOPTION OF PINCKNEY'S RESOLUTIONS, IN THE
 HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND THE PASSAGE OF CALHOUN'S
 "BILL FOR EXCLUDING PAPERS WRITTEN OR PRINTED, TOUCHING
 THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY, FROM THE U. S. POSTOFFICE," IN THE
 SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MEN of the North-land! where's the manly spirit
 Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?
 Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit
 Their names alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched within us,
 Stoops the strong manhood of our souls so low,
 That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us
 To silence now?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink is verging,
 In God's name, let us speak while there is time!
 Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,
 Silence is crime!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors
 Rights all our own? In madness shall we barter,
 For treacherous peace, the freedom Nature gave us,
 God and our charter?

Here shall the statesman forge his human fetters,
 Here the false jurist human rights deny,
 And, in the church, their proud and skilled abettors
 Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallowed Bible,
To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood?
And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel
Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,
But stoop in chains upon her downward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger
Day after day?

O no; methinks from all her wild, green mountains,—
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie,—
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,
And clear, cold sky,—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry Ocean
Gnaws with his surges,—from the fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the billows' motion
Round rock and cliff,—

From the free fireside of her unbought farmer,—
From her free laborer at his loom and wheel,—
From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the hammer,
Rings the red steel,—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken
Our land, and let us to an evil choice,
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken
A People's voice.

Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall bear it
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it
Within her grave.

O, let that voice go forth! The bondman sighing
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,
Bless us the while.

O for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,
 For the deliverance of a groaning earth,
 For the wronged captive, bleeding, crushed, and lowly,
 Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter
 With all they left ye perilled and at stake?
 Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar
 The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come together,
 Put on the harness for the moral fight,
 And, with the blessing of your Heavenly Father,
 MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

THE CURSE OF THE CHARTER-BREAKERS

IN Westminster's royal halls,
 Robed in their pontificals,
 England's ancient prelates stood
 For the people's right and good.

Closed around the waiting crowd,
 Dark and still, like winter's cloud;
 King and council, lord and knight,
 Squire and yeoman, stood in sight,—

Stood to hear the priest rehearse,
 In God's name, the Church's curse,
 By the tapers round them lit,
 Slowly, sternly uttering it.

“Right of voice in framing laws,
 Right of peers to try each cause;
 Peasant homestead, mean and small,
 Sacred as the monarch's hall,—

“Whoso lays his hand on these,
 England's ancient liberties,—
 Whoso breaks, by word or deed,
 England's vow at Runnymede,—

"Be he Prince or belted knight,
Whatsoe'er his rank or might,
If the highest, then the worst,
Let him live and die accursed.

"Thou, who to thy Church hast given
Keys alike, of hell and heaven,
Make our word and witness sure,
Let the curse we speak endure!"

Silent, while that curse was said,
Every bare and listening head
Bowed in reverent awe, and then
All the people said, Amen!

Seven times the bells have tolled,
For the centuries gray and old,
Since that stoled and mitred band
Cursed the tyrants of their land.

Since the priesthood, like a tower,
Stood between the poor and power;
And the wronged and trodden down
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,
Lost, their keys of heaven and hell;
Yet I sigh for men as bold
As those bearded priests of old.

Now, too oft the priesthood wait
At the threshold of the state,—
Waiting for the beck and nod
Of its power as law and God.

Fraud exults, while solemn words
Sanctify his stolen hoards;
Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips
Bless his manacles and whips.

Not on them the poor rely,
Not to them looks liberty,
Who with fawning falsehood cower
To the wrong, when clothed with power.

O, to see them meanly cling,
Round the master, round the king,
Sported with, and sold and bought,—
Pitiful sight is not!

Tell me not that this must be:
God's true priest is always free;
Free, the needed truth to speak,
Right the wronged, and raise the weak.

Not to fawn on wealth and state,
Leaving Lazarus at the gate,—
Not to peddle creeds like wares,—
Not to mutter hireling prayers,—

Nor to paint the new life's bliss
On the sable ground of this,—
Golden streets for idle knave,
Sabbath rest for weary slave!

Not for words and works like these,
Priest of God, thy mission is;
But to make earth's desert glad,
In its Eden greenness clad;

And to level manhood bring
Lord and peasant, serf and king;
And the Christ of God to find
In the humblest of thy kind!

Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in,—

Watching on the hills of Faith;
Listening what the spirit saith,
Of the dim-seen light afar,
Growing like a nearing star.

God's interpreter art thou,
To the waiting ones below;
'Twixt them and its light midway
Heralding the better day,—

Catching gleams of temple spires,
Hearing notes of angel choirs,
Where, as yet unseen of them,
Comes the New Jerusalem!

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,
On the glory downward blazing;
Till upon Earth's grateful sod
Rests the City of our God!

THE SLAVES OF MARTINIQUE

SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERREOTYPE FROM A FRENCH ENGRAVING

BEAMS of noon, like burning lances, through the tree-tops flash
and glisten,
As she stands before her lover, with raised face to look and
listen.

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in the ancient Jewish
song:
Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done her graceful beauty
wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly, with the vassal's garb and
hue,
Holding still his spirit's birthright, to his higher nature true;
Hiding deep the strengthening purpose of a freeman in his
heart,
As the greegree holds his Fetich from the white man's gaze
apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when the driver's morning horn
Calls away to stifling mill-house, to the fields of cane and corn:

Fall the keen and burning lashes never on his back or limb;
Scarce with look or word of censure, turns the driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful, and his eye is hard and
stern;
Slavery's last and humblest lesson he has never deigned to
learn.

And, at evening, when his comrades dance before their master's door,
Folding arms and knitting forehead, stands he silent evermore.

God be praised for every instinct which rebels against a lot
Where the brute survives the human, and man's upright form
is not!

As the serpent-like bejuco winds his spiral fold on fold
Round the tall and stately ceiba, till it withers in his hold;—

Slow decays the forest monarch, closer girds the fell embrace,
Till the tree is seen no longer, and the vine is in its place,—

So a base and bestial nature round the vassal's manhood
twines,
And the spirit wastes beneath it, like the ceiba choked with
vines.

God is Love, saith the Evangel; and our world of woe and sin
Is made light and happy only when a Love is shining in.

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine, finding, wheresoe'er ye
roam,
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness, making all the world
like home;

In the veins of whose affections kindred blood is but a part,
Of one kindly current throbbing from the universal heart;

Can ye know the deeper meaning of a love in Slavery nursed,
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming in that Soil accursed?

Love of Home, and Love of Woman!—dear to all, but doubly
dear
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere measure only hate and
fear.

All around the desert circles, undernath a brazen sky,
Only one green spot remaining where the dew is never dry!

From the horror of that desert, from its atmosphere of hell,
Turns the fainting spirit thither, as the diver seeks his bell.

'T is the fervid tropic noontime; faint and low the sea-waves
beat;
Hazy rise the inland mountains through the glimmer of the
heat,—

Where, through mingled leaves and blossoms, arrowy sun-
beams flash and glisten,
Speaks her lover to the slave-girl, and she lifts her head to
listen:—

"We shall live as slaves no longer! Freedom's hour is close at
hand!
Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests the boat upon the strand!

"I have seen the Haytien Captain; I have seen his swarthy
crew,
Haters of the pallid faces, to their race and color true.

"They have sworn to wait our coming till the night has passed
its noon,
And the gray and darkening waters roll above the sunken
moon!"

O the blessed hopes of freedom! how with joy and glad surprise,
For an instant throbs her bosom, for an instant beam her eyes!

But she looks across the valley, where her mother's hut is seen,
Through the snowy bloom of coffee, and the lemon-leaves so
green.

And she answers, sad and earnest: "It were wrong for thee to
stay;
God hath heard thy prayer for freedom, and his finger points
the way.

"Well I know with what endurance, for the sake of me and
mine,
Thou hast borne too long a burden never meant for souls like
thine.

"Go; and at the hour of midnight, when our last farewell is
o'er,
Kneeling on our place of parting, I will bless thee from the
shore.

"But for me, my mother, lying on her sick-bed all the day,
Lifts her weary head to watch me, coming through the twilight
gray.

"Should I leave her sick and helpless, even freedom, shared
with thee,
Would be sadder far than bondage, lonely toil, and stripes to
me.

"For my heart would die within me, and my brain would soon
be wild;
I should hear my mother calling through the twilight for her
child!"

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines the sun of morning-
time,
Through the coffee-trees in blossom, and green hedges of the
lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave-gang, toil the lover and the maid;
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters, leaning forward on his
spade?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he: 't is the Haytien's sail he sees,
Like a white cloud of the mountains, driven seaward by the
breeze!

But his arm a light hand presses, and he hears a low voice call:
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom, Love is mightier than all.

THE CRISIS

WRITTEN ON LEARNING THE TERMS OF THE TREATY WITH MEXICO

Across the Stoney Mountains, o'er the desert's drouth and
sand,

The circles of our empire touch the Western Ocean's strand;
From slumberous Timpanogos, to Gila, wild and free,
Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to California's sea;
And from the mountains of the East, to Santa Rosa's shore,
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo! Let thy simple children weep;
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of Pecos keep;
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,
And Algodones toll her bells amidst her corn and vines;
For lo! the pale land-seekers come, with eager eyes of gain,
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sound the winds bring
down

Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold Nevada's crown!
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with rein of travel slack,
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the sunrise at his back;
By many a lonely river, and gorge of fir and pine,
On many a wintry hill-top, his nightly camp-fires shine.

O countrymen and brothers! that land of lake and plain,
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat with grain;
Of mountains white with winter, looking downward, cold,
serene,
On their feet with spring-vines tangled and lapped in softest
green;
Swift through whose black volcanic gates, o'er many a sunny
vale,
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's dusty trail!

Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes whose mystic shores
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars;
Great herds that wander all unwatched, wild steeds that none
have tamed,
Strange fish in unknown streams, and birds the Saxon never
named;
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles, where Nature's chemic
powers
Work out the Great Designer's will;—all these ye say are ours!

Forever ours! for good or ill, on us the burden lies;
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across the skies.
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn the poised and
trembling scale?
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber Wrong prevail?
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry splendor
waves,
Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread of slaves?

The day is breaking in the East of which the prophets told,
And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian Age of Gold;
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerky pen,
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs stand up as
men;

The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stamboul's Golden
Horn!

Is this, O countrymen of mine! a day for us to sow
The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's seeds of woe?
To feed with our fresh life-blood the Old World's cast-off
crime,
Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from the tired lap
of Time?

To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,
And die like them of unbelief of God, and wrong of man?

Great Heaven! Is this our mission? End in this the prayers
and tears,
The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger, better years?
Still as the Old World rolls in light, shall ours in shadow turn,
A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through outer darkness
borne?

Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness in the air?
Where for words of hope they listened, the long wail of
despair?

The Crisis presses on us; face to face with us it stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands!
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down!

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame;
By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets
came;

By the Future which awaits us; by all the hopes which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the
Past;

And by the blessed thought of Him who for Earth's freedom
died,

O my people! O my brothers! let us choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way;
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay;
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the vales with
 grain;
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his train:
The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call, PRAISE GOD, FOR WE ARE
 FREE!

MISCELLANEOUS

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills
The sun shall sink again,
Farewell to life and all its ills,
Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and cold,—
But, darker far than they,
The shadow of a sorrow old
Is on my heart alway.

For since the day when Warkworth wood
Closed o'er my steed and I,
An alien from my name and blood,
A weed cast out to die,—

When, looking back in sunset light,
I saw her turret gleam,
And from its casement, far and white,
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,
Doth home's green isles descry,
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er
The waste of wave and sky;

So from the desert of my fate
I gaze across the past;
Forever on life's dial-plate
The shade is backward cast!

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,
I've knelt at many a shrine;
And bowed me to the rocky floor
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

And by the Holy Sepulchre
I've pledged my knightly sword
To Christ, his blessed Church, and her,
The Mother of our Lord.

O, vain the vow, and vain the strife!
How vain do all things seem!
My soul is in the past, and life
To-day is but a dream!

In vain the penance strange and long,
And hard for flesh to bear;
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,—
Its ears are open still;
And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old
Do evermore arise;
I see the flow of locks of gold,
The shine of loving eyes!

Ah me! upon another's breast
Those golden locks recline;
I see upon another rest
The glance that once was mine.

"O faithless priest! O perjured knight!"
I hear the Master cry;
"Shut out the vision from thy sight,
Let Earth and Nature die."

"The Church of God is now thy spouse,
And thou the bridegroom art,
Then let the burden of thy vows
Crush down thy human heart!"

In vain! This heart its grief must know,
Till life itself hath ceased,
And falls beneath the self-same blow
The lover and the priest!

O pitying Mother! souls of light,
 And saints, and martyrs old!
 Pray for a weak and sinful knight,
 A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,
 And death unbind my chain,
 Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill
 The sun shall fall again.

THE HOLY LAND

FROM LAMARTINE

I HAVE not felt, o'er seas of sand,
 The rocking of the desert bark;
 Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,
 By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark;
 Nor pitched my tent at even-fall,
 On dust where Job of old has lain,
 Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wall,
 The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread;
 How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,
 How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,
 How beats the heart with God so nigh!—
 How round gray arch and column lone
 The spirit of the old time broods,
 And sighs in all the winds that moan
 Along the sandy solitudes!

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,
 I have not heard the nations' cries,
 Nor seen thy eagles stooping down
 Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.
 The Christian's prayer I have not said
 In Tadmor's temples of decay,
 Nor startled, with my dreary tread,
 The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide,
 O Jordan! heard the low lament,
 Like that sad wail along thy side
 Which Israel's mournful prophet sent!
 Nor thrilled within that grotto lone
 Where, deep in night, the Bard of Kings
 Felt hands of fire direct his own,
 And sweep for God the conscious strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,
 Nor laid me where my Saviour lay,
 And left his trace of tears as yet
 By angel eyes unwept away;
 Nor watched, at midnight's solemn time,
 The garden where his prayer and groan,
 Wrung by his sorrow and our crime,
 Rose to One listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot
 Where in his Mother's arms he lay,
 Nor knelt upon the sacred spot
 Where last his footsteps pressed the clay;
 Nor looked on that sad mountain head,
 Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide
 His arms to fold the world he spread,
 And bowed his head to bless—and died!

PALESTINE

Blest land of Judæa! thrice hallowed of song,
 Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
 In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
 On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
 Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
 With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
 Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
 Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;

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Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF GOD,—
Where his blessing was heard and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

O, here with his flock the sad Wanderer came,—
These hills he toiled over in grief are the same,—
The founts where he drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
 But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
 For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
 And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
 Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
 Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
 It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
 In love and in meekness, He moved among men;
 And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea
 In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
 Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
 Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to bear,
 Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near
 To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
 And the voice of thy love is the same even now
 As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.

O, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and power,
 The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;
 Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
 On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

EZEKIEL

CHAPTER XXXIII. 30-33

THEY hear thee not, O God! nor see;
 Beneath thy rod they mock at thee;
 The princes of our ancient line
 Lie drunken with Assyrian wine;
 The priests around thy altar speak
 The false words which their hearers seek;

And hymns which Chaldea's wanton maids
Have sung in Dura's idol-shades
Are with the Levites' chant ascending,
With Zion's holiest anthems blending!

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,
The heathen heel is crushing yet;
The towers upon our holy hill
Echo Chaldean footsteps still.
Our wasted shrines,—who weeps for them?
Who mourneth for Jerusalem?
Who turneth from his gains away?
Whose knee with mine is bowed to pray?
Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,
Takes Zion's lamentation up?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went
With Israel's early banishment;
And where the sullen Chebar crept,
The ritual of my fathers kept.
The water for the trench I drew,
The firstling of the flock I slew,
And, standing at the altar's side,
I shared the Levites' lingering pride,
That still, amidst her mocking foes,
The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,
The Spirit of the Highest came!
Before mine eyes a vision passed,
A glory terrible and vast;
With dreadful eyes of living things,
And sounding sweep of angel wings,
With circling light and sapphire throne,
And flame-like form of One thereon,
And voice of that dread Likeness sent
Down from the crystal firmament!

The burden of a prophet's power
Fell on me in that fearful hour;
From off unutterable woes
The curtain of the future rose;

I saw far down the coming time
The fiery chastisement of crime;
With noise of mingling hosts, and jar
Of falling towers and shouts of war,
I saw the nations rise and fall,
Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain
Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain.
I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre
Swept over by the spoiler's fire;
And heard the low, expiring moan
Of Edom on his rocky throne;
And, woe is me! the wild lament
From Zion's desolation sent;
And felt within my heart each blow
Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,
Before the pictured tile I lay;
And there, as in a mirror, saw
The coming of Assyria's war,—
Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass
Like locusts through Bethhoron's grass;
I saw them draw their stormy hem
Of battle round Jerusalem;
And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail
Blend with the victor-trump of Baal!

Who trembled at my warning word?
Who owned the prophet of the Lord?
How mocked the rude,—how scoffed the vile,—
How stung the Levites' scornful smile,
As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,
The shadow crept of Israel's woe
As if the angel's mournful roll
Had left its record on my soul,
And traced in lines of darkness there
The picture of its great despair!

Yet ever at the hour I feel
My lips in prophecy unseal.

Prince, priest, and Levite gather near,
 And Salem's daughters haste to hear,
 On Chebar's waste and alien shore,
 The harp of Judah swept once more.
 They listen, as in Babel's throng
 The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,
 Or wild sabbeka's nightly play,
 As careless and as vain as they.

And thus, O Prophet-bard of old,
 Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told!
 The same which earth's unwelcome seers
 Have felt in all succeeding years.
 Sport of the changeful multitude,
 Nor calmly heard nor understood,
 Their song has seemed a trick of art,
 Their warnings but the actor's part.
 With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,
 The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One
 The garments of the flesh put on!
 Men followed where the Highest led
 For common gifts of daily bread,
 And gross of ear, of vision dim,
 Owned not the godlike power of him.
 Vain as a dreamer's words to them
 His wail above Jerusalem,
 And meaningless the watch he kept
 Through which his weak disciples slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,
 For God's great purpose set apart,
 Before whose far-discrimining eyes,
 The Future as the Present lies!
 Beyond a narrow-bounded age
 Stretches thy prophet-heritage,
 Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-trod,
 Through arches round the throne of God!
 Thy audience, worlds!—all Time to be
 The witness of the Truth in thee!

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN

"GET ye up from the wrath of God's terrible day!
Ungirded, unsandalled, arise and away!
'T is the vintage of blood, 't is the fulness of time,
And vengeance shall gather the harvest of crime!"

The warning was spoken; the righteous had gone,
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone;
All gay was the banquet; the revel was long,
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of song.

'T was an evening of beauty; the air was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom;
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell free
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were lighted on high,
And wantonness tempted the lust of the eye;
Midst rites of obsceneness, strange, loathsome, abhorred,
The blasphemer scoffed at the name of the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder,—the quaking of earth!
Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to the mirth!
The black sky has opened,—there's flame in the air,—
The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild where the song
And the low tone of love had been whispered along;
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and bower,
Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and devour!

Down,—down on the fallen the red ruin rained,
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup undrained;
The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill,
And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given;
The last eye glared forth in its madness on Heaven!
The last groan of horror rose wildly and vain,
And death brooded over the pride of the Plain!

THE CRUCIFIXION

SUNLIGHT upon Judæa's hills!
And on the waves of Galilee,—
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills
That feed the dead and sleeping sea!
Most freshly from the green wood springs
The light breeze on its scented wings;
And gayly quiver in the sun
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours,—a change hath come!
The sky is dark without a cloud!
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
And proud knees unto earth are bowed.
A change is on the hill of Death,
The helmed watchers pant for breath,
And turn with wild and maniac eyes
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice!—the death of Him,—
The High and ever Holy One!
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim,
And blacken the beholding Sun.
The wonted light hath fled away,
Night settles on the middle day,
And earthquake from his caverned bed
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!
Their prison door is rent away!
And, ghastly with the seal of death,
They wander in the eye of day!
The temple of the Cherubim,
The House of God is cold and dim;
A curse is on its trembling walls,
Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth
Be shaken, and her mountains nod;
Well may the sheeted dead come forth
To gaze upon a suffering God!
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,
And shadows veil the Cherubim,
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
And Death resigns his iron power?
O, shall the heart—whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to his sore distress,
And added to his tears of blood—
Refuse its trembling gratitude!

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

WHERE Time the measure of his hours
By changeful bud and blossom keeps,
And, like a young bride crowned with flowers,
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,
The Spring her gift of flowers imparts,
Less sweet than those his thoughts have sown
In the warm soil of Persian hearts:

There sat the stranger, where the shade
Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,
While in the hot clear heaven delayed
The long and still and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,
Strange odors filled the sultry air,
Strange birds upon the branches swung,
Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone around,
Turned sunward from the shadowy bowers,
As if the Gheber's soul had found
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
Awakened feelings new and sad,—
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,
Nor church with Sabbath-bell chimes glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones,
And mosque-spires gleaming white, in view,
And graybeard Mollahs in low tones
Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand,
Like tempting fiends, were such as they
Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,
As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal
The servant of his Conqueror knew,
From skies which knew no cloudy veil,
The Sun's hot glances smote him through.

"Ah me!" the lonely stranger said,
"The hope which led my footsteps on,
And light from heaven around them shed,
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!

"Where are the harvest fields all white,
For Truth to thrust her sickle in?
Where flock the souls, like doves in flight,
From the dark hiding-place of sin?

"A silent horror broods o'er all,—
The burden of a hateful spell,—
The very flowers around recall
The hoary magi's rites of hell!

"And what am I, o'er such a land
 The banner of the Cross to bear?
 Dear Lord, uphold me with thy hand,
 Thy strength with human weakness share!"

He ceased; for at his very feet
 In mild rebuke a floweret smiled,—
 How thrilled his sinking heart to greet
 The Star-flower of the Virgin's child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew
 Its life from alien air and earth,
 And told to Paynim sun and dew
 The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,
 The Persian plants its beauty screened,
 And on its pagan sisterhood,
 In love, the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt
 The darkness of his long despair
 Before that hallowed symbol melt,
 Which God's dear love had nurtured there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower
 The lines of sin and sadness swept;
 And Magian pile and Paynim bower
 In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,
 Looked holy through the sunset air;
 And, angel-like, the Muezzin told
 From tower and mosque the hour of prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn
 From Shiraz saw the stranger part;
 The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born
 Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

HYMNS

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE

ONE hymn more, O my lyre!
 Praise to the God above,
 Of joy and life and love,
 Sweeping its strings of fire!

O, who the speed of bird and wind
 And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,
 That, soaring upward, I may find
 My resting-place and home in Thee?—
 Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,
 Adoreth with a fervent flame,—
 Mysterious spirit! unto whom
 Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go,
 Up from the cold and joyless earth,
 Back to the God who bade them flow,
 Whose moving spirit sent them forth.
 But as for me, O God! for me,
 The lowly creature of thy will,
 Lingering and sad, I sigh to thee,
 An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine
 Where yonder stars and suns are glowing?
 To breathe with them the light divine
 From God's own holy altar flowing?
 To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
 In dreams hath thirsted for so long,—
 A portion of Heaven's glorious whole
 Of loveliness and song?

O, watchers of the stars at night,
 Who breathe their fire, as we the air,—
 Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,
 O, say, is He, the Eternal, there?

Bend there around his awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?
Or are thy inmost depths his own,
O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go!
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow,
To the far aim of your desire!
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God!

And shall these thoughts of joy and love
Come back again no more to me?—
Returning like the Patriarch's dove
Wing-weary from the eternal sea,
To bear within my longing arms
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green, immortal palms
Which shadow Paradise?

All-moving spirit!—freely forth
At thy command the strong wind goes:
Its errand to the passive earth,
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,
Until it folds its weary wing
Once more within the hand divine;
So, weary from its wandering,
My spirit turns to thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,
From its dark caverns, hurries on,
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,
By evening's star and noon tide's sun,
Until at last it sinks to rest,
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast,—
So turns my soul to Thee!

O Thou who bidd'st the torrent flow,
 Who lendest wings unto the wind,—
 Mover of all things! where art thou?
 O, whither shall I go to find
 The secret of thy resting-place?
 Is there no holy wing for me,
 That, soaring, I may search the space
 Of highest heaven for Thee?

O, would I were as free to rise
 As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne,—
 The arrowy light of sunset skies,
 Or sound, or ray, or star of morn,
 Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,
 Or aught which soars unchecked and free
 Through Earth and Heaven; that I might lose
 Myself in finding Thee!

THE FEMALE MARTYR

[MARY G——, aged 18, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.]

"BRING out your dead!" The midnight street
 Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;
 Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,—
 Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet,—
 Her coffin and her pall.
 "What—only one!" the brutal hackman said,
 As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
 As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,
 With creaking wheel and harsh hooffall!
 The dying turned him to the wall,
 To hear it and to die!—
 Onward it rolled; while oft its driver stayed,
 And hoarsely clamored, "Ho!—bring out your dead."
 It paused beside the burial-place;
 "Toss in your load!"—and it was done.—

With quick hand and averted face,
Hastily to the grave's embrace
They cast them, one by one,—
Stranger and friend,—the evil and the just,
Together trodden in the churchyard dust!

And thou, young martyr!—thou wast there,—
No white-robed sisters round thee trod,—
Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer
Rose through the damp and noisome air,
Giving thee to thy God;
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer! there shall be,
In every heart of kindly feeling,
A rite as holy paid to thee
As if beneath the convent-tree
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well.
Enduring with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night
Far more than words may tell:
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,—
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing,—where
The throngful street grew foul with death,
O high-souled martyr!—thou wast there,
Inhaling, from the loathsome air,
Poison with every breath.
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread,—
A new Electra by the bed

Of suffering human-kind!
 Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
 To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high
 And holy mysteries of Heaven!
 How turned to thee each glazing eye,
 In mute and awful sympathy,
 As thy low prayers were given;
 And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the while,
 An angel's features,—a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task!—and worthy one
 Who, turning from the world, as thou,
 Before life's pathway had begun
 To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
 Had sealed her early vow;
 Giving to God her beauty and her youth,
 Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here
 Could be for thee a meet reward;
 Thine is a treasure far more dear,—
 Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
 Of living mortal heard,—
 The joys prepared,—the promised bliss above,—
 The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not
 A nobler name than thine shall be.
 The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
 The lofty energies of thought,
 The fire of poesy,—
 These have but frail and fading honors;—thine
 Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,
 And human pride and grandeur fall,—
 The herald's line of long renown,—
 The mitre and the kingly crown,—
 Perishing glories all!
 The pure devotion of thy generous heart
 Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part.

THE FROST SPIRIT

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace
his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's
withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their
pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken
them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the
frozen Labrador,—
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear
wanders o'er,—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless
forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues
grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rush-
ing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful
breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of
Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet
lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's
heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang
to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence
pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet
him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances
high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding
wing goes by!

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER

"O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—
 The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen
 might wear;
 And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose
 radiant light they vie;
 I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle
 lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark
 and clustering curls
 Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glitter-
 ing pearls;
 And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly
 turned away,
 But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—"My gentle
 lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings,
 Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty
 brow of kings,—
 A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not
 decay,
 Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy
 way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of
 grace was seen,
 Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their
 clasping pearls between;
 "Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller gray
 and old,—
 And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall
 count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and
 meagre book,
 Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he
 took!

"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to
thee!
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maid-
en's mind,
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness
of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of
youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had
power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of
her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love
of God!

THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN

Nor always as the whirlwind's rush
 On Horeb's mount of fear,
Nor always as the burning bush
 To Midian's shepherd seer,
Nor as the awful voice which came
 To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
 Nor gift of fearful words.—

Not always thus, with outward sign
 Of fire or voice from Heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
 The call of God is given!
Awaking in the human heart
 Love for the true and right,—
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
 Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
 The holy influence steals:
 Warm with a rapture not its own,
 The heart of woman feels!
 As she who by Samaria's wall
 The Saviour's errand sought,—
 As those who with the fervent Paul
 And meek Aquila wrought:

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
 Rome's gathered grandeur saw:
 Or those who in their Alpine home
 Braved the Crusader's war,
 When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,
 Through all its vales of death,
 The martyr's song of triumph poured
 From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things
 Which o'er our spirits pass,
 Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
 Or vapors o'er a glass,
 Leaving their token strange and new
 Of music or of shade,
 The summons to the right and true
 And merciful is made.

O, then, if gleams of truth and light
 Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
 Unfolding to thy mental sight
 The wants of human-kind;
 If, brooding over human grief,
 The earnest wish is known
 To soothe and gladden with relief
 An anguish not thine own;

Though heralded with naught of fear,
 Or outward sign or show;
 Though only to the inward ear
 It whispers soft and low;

Though dropping, as the manna fell,
 Unseen, yet from above,
 Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,—
 Thy Father's call of love!

MY SOUL AND I

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark
 I would question thee,
 Alone in the shadow drear and stark
 With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?
 Was it mirth or ease,
 Or heaping up dust from year to year?
 "Nay, none of these!"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight
 Whose eye looks still
 And steadily on thee through the night:
 "To do his will!"

What hast thou done, O soul of mine,
 That thou tremblest so?—
 Hast thou wrought his task, and kept the line
 He bade thee go?

What, silent all!—art sad of cheer?
 Art fearful now?
 When God seemed far and men were near,
 How brave wert thou!

Aha! thou tremblest!—well I see
 Thou 'rt craven grown.
 Is it so hard with God and me
 To stand alone?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back,
 O wretched sprite!
 Let me hear thy voice through this deep and black
 Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,
For God and Man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth
To life's mid span?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,
But weak and low,
Like far sad murmurs on my ear
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong,
And borne the Right
From beneath the footfall of the throng
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,
God speed, quoth I;
To Error amidst her shouting train
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine! ah, soul of mine!
Thy deeds are well:
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or for thine?
My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath wrought
Beneath the sky,
Save a place in kindly human thought,
No gain have I."

Go to, go to!—for thy very self
Thy deeds were done:
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,
Your end is one!

And where art thou going, soul of mine?
Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend?

What daunts thee now?—what shakes thee so?

My sad soul say.

"I see a cloud like a curtain low

Hang o'er my way.

"Whither I go I cannot tell:

That cloud hangs black,

High as the heaven and deep as hell

Across my track.

"I see its shadow coldly enwrap

The souls before.

Sadly they enter it, step by step,

To return no more.

"They shrink, they shudder, dear God! they kneel

To thee in prayer.

They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel

That it still is there.

"In vain they turn from the dread Before

To the Known and Gone;

For while gazing behind them evermore

Their feet glide on.

"Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale faces

A light begin

To tremble, as if from holy places

And shrines within.

"And at times methinks their cold lips move

With hymn and prayer.

As if somewhat of awe, but more of love

And hope were there.

"I call on the souls who have left the light

To reveal their lot;

I bend mine ear to that wall of night,

And they answer not.

"But I hear around me sighs of pain
And the cry of fear,
And a sound like the slow sad dropping of rain,
Each drop a tear!

"Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day
I am moving thither:
I must pass beneath it on my way—
God pity me!—WHITHER?"

Ah, soul of mine! so brave and wise
In the life-storm loud,
Fronting so calmly all human eyes
In the sunlit crowd!

Now standing apart with God and me
Thou art weakness all,
Gazing vainly after the things to be
Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this
Was thy being lent;
For the craven's fear is but selfishness,
Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain:
One closing her eyes,
The other peopling the dark inane
With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to him is day,
And the end he knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future,—a phantom show
Is alone before him:
Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow,
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night? why shrink from Death,
That phantom wan?
There is nothing in heaven or earth beneath
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him
And from one another;
All is spectral and vague and dim
Save God and our brother!

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

O restless spirit! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere?
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain,
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well
 All thou hast given;
 Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
 His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
 All are in God's care:
 Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,
 And he is there!

All which is real now remaineth,
 And fadeth never:
 The hand which upholds it now sustaineth
 The soul forever.

Leaning on him, make with reverent meekness
 His own thy will,
 And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness
 Life's task fulfil:

And that cloud itself, which now before thee
 Lies dark in view,
 Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
 Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through autumn's dawn
 Uprolling thin,
 Its thickest folds when about thee drawn
 Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is done,
 Why queriest thou?—
 The past and the time to be are one,
 And both are now!

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
 God's meekest Angel gently comes:

No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

FOLLEN

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE "FUTURE STATE"

FRIEND of my soul!—as with moist eye
I look up from this page of thine,
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,
Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now,
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,
When, dew-like, on the earth below
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,
The gentle lips which knew no guile,
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care
With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me!—at times that last dread scene
Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,
Will cast its shade of doubt between
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,
Where through the twilight air of earth,
Alike enthusiast and sage,
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth;

Lifting the Future's solemn veil;
The reaching of a mortal hand
To put aside the cold and pale
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land;

In thoughts which answer to my own,
In words which reach my inward ear,
Like whispers from the void Unknown,
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,
Unwasted, through each change, attest
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive
The mind whose kingly will they wrought?
Their gross unconsciousness survive
Thy godlike energy of thought?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN!—not in vain
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne
The burthen of Life's cross of pain,
And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

O, while Life's solemn mystery glooms
 Around us like a dungeon's wall,—
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,
 Silent the heaven which bends o'er all!—

While day by day our loved ones glide
 In spectral silence, hushed and lone,
To the cold shadows which divide
 The living from the dread Unknown;

While even on the closing eye,
 And on the lip which moves in vain,
The seals of that stern mystery
 Their undiscovered trust retain;—

And only midst the gloom of death,
 Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,
 Smile dimly on us through their tears;

'T is something to a heart like mine
 To think of thee as living yet;
To feel that such a light as thine
 Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way
 Since thou hast left thy footprints there,
And beams of mournful beauty play
 Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the sky
 Is glorious with its evening light,
And fair broad fields of summer lie
 Hung o'er with greenness in my sight;

While through these elm-boughs wet with rain
 The sunset's golden walls are seen,
With clover-bloom and yellow grain
 And wood-draped hill and stream between;

I long to know if scenes like this
Are hidden from an angel's eyes;
If earth's familiar loveliness
Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew
The lesson which that beauty gave,
The ideal of the Pure and True
In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends
The soul an upward impulse here,
With a diviner beauty blends,
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell
The humbler flowers of earth may twine;
And simple draughts from childhood's well
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,
And let the seeking lips be dumb,—
Where even seraph eyes have failed
Shall mortal blindness seek to come?

We only know that thou hast gone,
And that the same returnless tide
Which bore thee from us still glides on,
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,
And to our gaze ere long shall turn
That page of God's mysterious book
We so much wish, yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee;—
Who, in the silent greeting flower,
And forest leaf, looked out on thee,—

We leave thee, with a trust serene,
 Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move,
 While with thy childlike faith we lean
 On Him whose dearest name is Love!

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND

God bless ye, brothers!—in the fight
 Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,
 For better is your sense of right
 Than king-craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,
 More mighty is your simplest word;
 The free heart of an honest man
 Than crosier or the sword.

Go,—let your bloated Church rehearse
 The lesson it has learned so well;
 It moves not with its prayer or curse
 The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again,—
 Did Freedom die when Russell died?
 Forget ye how the blood of Vane
 From earth's green bosom cried?

The great hearts of your olden time
 Are beating with you, full and strong
 All holy memories and sublime
 And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede
 Are with ye still in times like these
 The shades of England's mighty dead,
 Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
 By every wind and every tide;
 The voice of Nature and of God
 Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love;—your battleground
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
The simple beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts
And bounds beneath your words of power,
The beating of her million hearts
Is with you at this hour!

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,
Through present cloud and gathering storm,
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
And sunshine soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward!—not in vain
Your generous trust in human-kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on!—the triumph shall be won
Of common rights and equal laws,
The glorious dream of Harrington,
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;
And, plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on!—and we who may not share
The toil or glory of your fight
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right!

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME

THE Quaker of the olden time!—
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

THE REFORMER

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in:
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare";
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,—
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled,—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad,—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone,—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve today;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

O, backward-looking son of time!
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

Take heart!—the Waster builds again,—
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish,—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light!

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT

Look on him!—through his dungeon grate
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.

Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head,—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill;
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague thrill!
Silent, save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;
O sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him, fierce and red;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so; his crime's a fouler one;
GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!
For this he shares a felon's cell,—
The fittest earthly type of hell!

For this, the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost,—
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee,—
Piled granite and a prison cell,—
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle-shout;
Let boastful eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With glory for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patron cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind, and fall,—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the LAW that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse

THE HUMAN SACRIFICE

Of God and human kind!
Open the prison's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code
To the free sun and air of God;
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

THE HUMAN SACRIFICE

I

FAR from his close and noisome cell,
By grassy lane and sunny stream,
Blown clover field and strawberry dell,
And green and meadow freshness, fell
The footsteps of his dream.
Again from careless feet the dew
Of summer's misty morn he shook;
Again with merry heart he threw
His light line in the rippling brook.
Back crowded all his school-day joys,—
He urged the ball and quoit again,
And heard the shout of laughing boys
Come ringing down the walnut glen.
Again he felt the western breeze,
With scent of flowers and crisping hay;
And down again through wind-stirred trees
He saw the quivering sunlight play.
An angel in home's vine-hung door,
He saw his sister smile once more;
Once more the truant's brown-locked head
Upon his mother's knees was laid,
And sweetly lulled to slumber there,
With evening's holy hymn and prayer!

II

He woke. At once on heart and brain
The present Terror rushed again,—
Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain!

He woke, to hear the church-tower tell
Time's footfall on the conscious bell,
And, shuddering, feel that clanging din
His life's LAST HOUR had ushered in;
To see within his prison-yard,
Through the small window, iron barred,
The gallows shadow rising dim
Between the sunrise heaven and him,—
A horror in God's blessed air,—
 A blackness in his morning light,—
Like some foul devil-altar there
 Built up by demon hands at night.
 And, maddened by that evil sight,
Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,
A chaos of wild, weltering change,
All power of check and guidance gone,
Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.
In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,
 In vain he turned the Holy Book,
He only heard the gallows-stair
 Creak as the wind its timbers shook.
No dream for him of sin forgiven,
 While still that baleful spectre stood,
 With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood for Blood!*"
Between him and the pitying Heaven!

III

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,
 And smote his breast, and on his chain,
Whose iron clasp he always felt,
 His hot tears fell like rain;
And near him, with the cold, calm look
 And tone of one whose formal part,
Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,
Is measured out by rule and book,
With placid lip and tranquil blood,
The hangman's ghostly ally stood,
Blessing with solemn text and word
The gallows-drop and strangling cord;
Lending the sacred Gospel's awe
And sanction to the crime of Law.

IV

He saw the victim's tortured brow,—
 The sweat of anguish starting there,—
 The record of a nameless woe
 In the dim eye's imploring stare,
 Seen hideous through the long, damp hair,—
 Fingers of ghastly skin and bone
 Working and writhing on the stone!—
 And heard, by mortal terror wrung
 From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,
 The choking sob and low hoarse prayer;
 As o'er his half-crazed fancy came
 A vision of the eternal flame,—
 Its smoking cloud of agonies,—
 Its demon-worm that never dies,—
 The everlasting rise and fall
 Of fire-waves round the infernal wall;
 While high above that dark red flood,
 Black, giant-like, the gallows stood;
 Two busy fiends attending there:
 One with cold mocking rite and prayer,
 The other with impatient grasp,
 Tightening the death-rope's strangling clasp.

V

The unfelt rite at length was done,—
 The prayer unheard at length was said,—
 An hour had passed:—the noonday sun
 Smote on the features of the dead!
 And he who stood the doomed beside,
 Calm gauger of the swelling tide
 Of mortal agony and fear,
 Heeding with curious eye and ear
 Whate'er revealed the keen excess
 Of man's extremest wretchedness:
 And who in that dark anguish saw
 An earnest of the victim's fate,
 The vengeful terrors of God's law,
 The kindlings of Eternal hate,—
 The first drops of that fiery rain
 Which beats the dark red realm of pain,

Did he uplift his earnest cries
Against the crime of Law, which gave
His brother to that fearful grave,
Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,
And Faith's white blossoms never wave
To the soft breath of Memory's sighs;—
Which sent a spirit marred and stained,
By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,
In madness and in blindness stark,
Into the silent, unknown dark?
No,—from the wild and shrinking dread
With which he saw the victim led
Beneath the dark veil which divides
Ever the living from the dead,
And Nature's solemn secret hides,
The man of prayer can only draw
New reasons for his bloody law;
New faith in staying Murder's hand
By murder at that Law's command;
New reverence for the gallows-rope,
As human nature's latest hope;
Last relic of the good old time,
When Power found license for its crime,
And held a writhing world in check
By that fell cord about its neck;
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,
Choked the young breath of Freedom out,
And timely checked the words which sprung
From Heresy's forbidden tongue;
While in its noose of terror bound,
The Church its cherished union found,
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,
The motley-colored mind of man,
Not by the Koran and the Sword,
But by the Bible and the Cord!

VI

O Thou! at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life its sleeper gave,
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance
The cold and changed countenance

Broke the still horror of its trance,
 And, waking, saw with joy above,
 A brother's face of tenderest love;
 Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
 The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,
 And from thy very garment's hem
 Drew life and healing unto them.

The burden of thy holy faith
 Was love and life, not hate and death,
 Man's demon ministers of pain,

The fiends of his revenge were sent
 From thy pure Gospel's element
 To their dark home again.

Thy name is Love! What, then, is he,
 Who in that name the gallows rears,
 An awful altar built to thee,
 With sacrifice of blood and tears?

O, once again thy healing lay
 On the blind eyes which knew thee not,
 And let the light of thy pure day
 Melt in upon his darkened thought.
 Soften his hard, cold heart, and show
 The power which in forbearance lies,
 And let him feel that mercy now
 Is better than old sacrifice!

VII

As on the White Sea's charmed shore,
 The Parsee sees his holy hill
 With dunkest smoke-clouds curtained o'er,
 Yet knows beneath them, evermore,
 The low, pale fire is quivering still;
 So, underneath its clouds of sin,
 The heart of man retaineth yet
 Gleams of its holy origin;
 And half-quenched stars that never set,
 Dim colors of its faded bow,
 And early beauty, linger there,
 And o'er its wasted desert blow
 Faint breathings of its morning air,

O, never yet upon the scroll
 Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,
 Hath Heaven inscribed "DESPAIR!"
 Cast not the clouded gem away,
 Quench not the dim but living ray,—
 My brother man, Beware!
 With that deep voice which from the skies
 Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,
 God's angel cries, FORBEAR!

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap
 Thy weary ones receiving,
 And o'er them, silent as a dream,
 Thy grassy mantle weaving,
 Fold softly in thy long embrace
 That heart so worn and broken,
 And cool its pulse of fire beneath
 Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
 And serpent hiss of scorning;
 Nor let the storms of yesterday
 Disturb his quiet morning.
 Breathe over him forgetfulness
 Of all save deeds of kindness,
 And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
 Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye
 He heard Potomac's flowing,
 And, through his tall ancestral trees,
 Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
 He sleeps,—still looking to the west,
 Beneath the dark wood shadow,
 As if he still would see the sun
 Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune!—in himself
 All moods of mind contrasting.—

The tenderest wail of human woe,
The scorn-like lightning blasting;
The pathos which from rival eyes
Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,
From lips of life-long sadness;
Clear picturings of majestic thought
Upon a ground of madness;
And over all Romance and Song
A classic beauty throwing,
And laurelled Clio at his side
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him: each in turn
Beheld its schemes disjointed,
As right or left his fatal glance
And spectral finger pointed.
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
With trenchant wit unsparing,
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished.
While others hailed in distant skies
Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune strange,
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,
His loving faith in Mother-land
Knew never shade of turning;
By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave,
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
 No false and vain pretences,
Nor paid a lying priest to seek
 For Scriptural defences.
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
 His bitterest taunt and scorning,
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow
 That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves; yet kept the while
 His reverence for the Human;
In the dark vassals of his will
 He saw but Man and Woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
 His Roanoke valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
 Across his threshold ventured.

'And when the old and wearied man
 Lay down for his last sleeping,
'And at his side, a slave no more,
 His brother-man stood weeping,
His latest thought, his latest breath,
 To Freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and trembling hand
 The dying blest the living.

O, never bore his ancient State
 A truer son or braver!
None trampling with a calmer scorn
 On foreign hate or favor.
He knew her faults, yet never stooped
 His proud and manly feeling
To poor excuses of the wrong
 Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
 The plague-spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of Doom
 Along her future treading.

For her as for himself he spake,
 When, his gaunt frame upbracing,
 He traced with dying hand "REMORSE."
 And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
 From Vernon's weeping willow,
 And from the grassy pall which hides
 The Sage of Monticello,
 So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
 Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,
 Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves
 A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields
 Are sadder warnings spoken,
 From quenched hearths, where thy exiled sons
 Their household gods have broken.
 The curse is on thee,—wolves for men,
 And briars for corn-sheaves giving!
 O, more than all thy dead renown
 Were now one hero living!

DEMOCRACY

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—*Matthew vii. 12.*

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,
 Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,
 The foe of all which pains the sight,
 Or wounds the generous ear of God!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,
 Though there profaning gifts are thrown;
 And fires unkindled of the skies
 Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred,—though thy name be breathed
 By those whose hearts thy truth deride;
 And garlands, plucked from thee, are wreathed
 Around the haughty brows of Pride.

O, ideal of my boyhood's time!
 The faith in which my father stood,
 Even when the sons of Lust and Crime
 Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
 For through the mists which darken there,
 I see the flame of Freedom burn,—
 The Keba of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,
 Which owns the rights of *all* divine,—
 The pitying heart,—the helping arm,—
 The prompt self-sacrifice,—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
 How fade the lines of caste and birth!
 How equal in their suffering lie
 The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
 Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
 As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
 The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed
 By pomp or power, thou seest a MAN
 In prince or peasant,—slave or lord,—
 Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
 Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
 Through poverty and squalid shame,
 Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
 Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
 The crown upon his forehead set,—
 The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look;
 For that frail form which mortals wear

The Spirit of the Holiest took,
And veiled his perfect brightness there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount
Of vain philosophy thou art;
He who of old on Syria's mount
Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the listener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Proclaimed thy message from on high,—
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died!
From the blue lake of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land
I hear in every breeze that stirs,
And round a thousand altars stand
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,
At party's call, my gift I bring;
But on thy olden shrine I lay
A freeman's dearest offering:

The voiceless utterance of his will,—
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,
That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of his generous youth.

CHALKLEY HALL

How bland and sweet the greeting of this breeze
To him who flies
From crowded street and red wall's weary gleam,
Till far behind him like a hideous dream
The close dark city lies!

Here, while the market murmurs, while men throng
The marble floor
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush and din
Of the world's madness let me gather in
My better thoughts once more.

O, once again revive, while on my ear
The cry of Gain
And low hoarse hum of Traffic die away,
Ye blessed memories of my early day
Like sere grass wet with rain!—

Once more let God's green earth and sunset air
Old feelings waken;
Through weary years of toil and strife and ill,
O, let me feel that my good angel still
Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my mood:
Beneath the arms
Of this embracing wood, a good man made
His home, like Abraham resting in the shade
Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of countless years,
The virgin soil
Turned from the share he guided, and in rain
And summer sunshine threw the fruits and grain
Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy seas,
Weary and worn,
He came to meet his children and to bless
The Giver of all good in thankfulness
And praise for his return.

And here his neighbors gathered in to greet
Their friend again,
Safe from the wave and the destroying gales,
Which reap untimely green Bermuda's vales,
And vex the Carib main.

To hear the good man tell of simple truth,
 Sown in an hour
Of weakness in some far-off Indian isle,
From the parched bosom of a barren soil,
 Raised up in life and power:

How at those gatherings in Barbadian vales,
 A tendering love
Came o'er him, like the gentle rain from heaven,
And words of fitness to his lips were given,
 And strength as from above:

How the sad captive listened to the Word,
 Until his chain
Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit felt
The healing balm of consolation melt
 Upon its life-long pain:

How the armed warrior sat him down to hear
 Of Peace and Truth,
And the proud ruler and his Creole dame,
Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty came,
 And fair and bright-eyed youth.

O, far away beneath New England's sky,
 Even when a boy,
Following my plough by Merrimack's green shore,
His simple record I have pondered o'er
 With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory warm,—
 Its woods around,
Its still stream winding on in light and shade,
Its soft, green meadows and its upland glade,—
 To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where Genius keeps
 His vigils still;
Than that where Avon's son of song is laid,
Of Vaucluse hallowed by its Petrarch's shade,
 Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the gray walls of fallen Paraclete,
 To Juliet's urn,
 Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange-grove,
 Where Tasso sang, let young Romance and Love
 Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm
 To all is given;
 And blessed memories of the faithful dead
 O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream have shed
 The holy hues of Heaven!

THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON

[**IBN BATUTA**, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable JOCEES, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.]

THEY sat in silent watchfulness
 The sacred cypress-tree about,
 And, from beneath old wrinkled brows,
 Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there
 Through weary night and lingering day,—
 Grim as the idols at their side,
 And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above
 The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet;
 Unseen of them the island flowers
 Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,
 The thunder crashed on rock and hill;
 The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,
 Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?
 The Moslem's sunset-call,—the dance
 Of Ceylon's maids,—the passing gleam
 Of battle-flag and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf
 Of which the wandering Jogeess sing:
 Which lends once more to wintry age
 The greenness of its spring.

O, if these poor and blinded ones
 In trustful patience wait to feel
 O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
 A youthful freshness steal;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree
 Whose healing leaves of life are shed,
 In answer to the breath of prayer,
 Upon the waiting head;

Not to restore our failing forms,
 And build the spirit's broken shrine,
 But on the fainting SOUL to shed
 A light and life divine;

Shall we grow weary in our watch,
 And murmur at the long delay?
 Impatient of our Father's time
 And his appointed way?

Or shall the stir of outward things
 Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
 When on the heathen watcher's ear
 Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith
 Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
 The self-abasing watchfulness
 Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
 Our erring brother in the wrong.—
 And in the ear of Pride and Power
 Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
 Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer.
 Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,
 Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,
 From waters which alone can save;
 And murmur for Abana's banks
 And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade
 Didst wake thy weary ones again,
 Who slumbered at that fearful hour
 Forgetful of thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
 And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
 Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
 Our souls should keep with Thee!

A DREAM OF SUMMER

BLAND as the morning breath of June
 The southwest breezes play;
 And, through its haze, the winter noon
 Seems warm as summer's day.
 The snow-plumed Angel of the North
 Has dropped his icy spear;
 Again the mossy earth looks forth,
 Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
 The muskrat leaves his nook,
 The bluebird in the meadow brakes
 Is singing with the brook.
 "Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
 Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
 "Our winter voices prophesy
 Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all!

To ——,

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL

"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart."—*Essays of Elia.*

MAIDEN! with the fair brown tresses
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,
Joy with them should still abide,—
Instinct take the place of Duty,
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,
Kindly beckoning back the Old,
Turning, with the gift of Midas,
All things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness
Wearing even a welcome guise,
As, when some bright lake lies open
To the sunny skies,

Every wing of bird above it,
Every light cloud floating on,
Glitters like that flashing mirror
In the self-same sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead
Something like a shadow lies;
And a serious soul is looking
From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,
Through the forms of outward things,
Seeking for the subtle essence,
And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,
Farther than the narrow present
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being
Hath upon thy spirit pressed,—
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,
Find no place of rest:

That which mystic Plato pondered,
That which Zeno heard with awe,
And the star-rapt Zoroaster
In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness springing
Of the dim, uncertain Past,
Moving to the dark still shadows
O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching:
WHAT and WHERE IS TRUTH?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,
Whence the ancient life hath fled,
Idle faith unknown to action,
Dull and cold and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings
Only wake a quiet scorn,—
Not from these thy seeking spirit
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,
On thy mother Nature's breast,
Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking
Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,
Light and soft as woven moonbeams,
Beautiful and frail!

O'er the rough chart of Existence,
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,
Soft airs breathe, and green leaves tremble,
And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh
From the earth and from the sky,
And to thee the hills and waters
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer
Hath no outward origin;
More than Nature's many voices
May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine
Questioned earth and sea and sky,
And the dusty tomes of learning
And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed
More than outward Nature taught,—
More than blest the poet's vision
Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence
Of a calm and waiting frame
Light and wisdom as from Heaven
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth that inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty
As our being's end,—

Not to idle dreams and trances,
Length of face, and solemn tone,
But to Faith, in daily striving
And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and weapon strong,
In the power of truth assailing
Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely
Is the track of WOOLMAN's feet!
And his brief and simple record
How serenely sweet!

O'er life's humblest duties throwing
Light the earthling never knew,
Freshening all its dark waste places
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages,—
All which sainted Guion sought,
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel
Half-unconscious taught:—

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed
Living warmth and starry brightness
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,
Not a poet's dream alone,
But a presence warm and real,
Seen and felt and known.

When the red right-hand of slaughter
Moulders with the steel it swung,
When the name of seer and poet
Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall gather
Round that meek and suffering one,—
Glorious, like the seer-seen angel
Standing in the sun!

Take the good man's book and ponder
What its pages say to thee,—
Blessed as the hand of healing
May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen
Yearnings for a higher good,
For the fount of living waters
And diviner food;

If the pride of human reason
Feels its meek and still rebuke,
Quailing like the eye of Peter
From the Just One's look!—

If with readier ear thou heedest
What the Inward Teacher saith,
Listening with a willing spirit
And a childlike faith,—

Thou mayst live to bless the giver,
Who, himself but frail and weak,
Would at least the highest welfare
Of another seek;

And his gift, though poor and lowly
It may seem to other eyes,
Yet may prove an angel holy
In a pilgrim's guise.

SONGS OF LABOR,

AND OTHER POEMS

THE SHIP-BUILDERS

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part:
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.



Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough,—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below,—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,

No groaning cargo of despair
 Her roomy hold within;
 No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
 Nor poison-draught for ours;
 But honest fruits of toiling hands
 And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
 The Desert's golden sand,
 The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
 The spice of Morning-land!
 Her pathway on the open main
 May blessings follow free,
 And glad hearts welcome back again
 Her white sails from the sea!

THE SHOEMAKERS

Ho! workers of the old time styled
 The Gentle Craft of Leather!
 Young brothers of the ancient guild,
 Stand forth once more together!
 Call out again your long array,
 In the ooden merry manner!
 Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
 Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
 How falls the polished hammer!
 Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
 A quick and merry clamor.
 Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
 The glossy vamp around it,
 And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
 Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main
 A hundred keels are ploughing;
 For you, the Indian on the plain
 His lasso-coil is throwing;

For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine
The rosin-gum is stealing;
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
Her silken skein is reeling;
For you, the dizzy goatherd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges;
For you, round all her shepherd homes,
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
On moated mound or heather,
Where'er the need of trampled right
Brought toiling men together;
Where the free burghers from the wall
Defied the mail-clad master,
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,
No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,—
Ye heed no idle scorner;
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,
And duty done, your honor.
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
The jury Time empanels,
And leave to truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Han Sachs, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman;
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,
 It treads your well-wrought leather,
 On earthen floor, in marble halls,
 On carpet, or on heather.
 Still there the sweetest charm is found
 Of matron grace or vestal's,
 As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
 Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap!—your stout and bluff brogan,
 With footsteps slow and weary,
 May wander where the sky's blue span
 Shuts down upon the prairie.
 On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,
 By Saratoga's fountains,
 Or twinkle down the summer dance
 Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,
 The brown earth to the tiller's,
 The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
 Like fairy Cinderella's!
 As they who shunned the household maid
 Beheld the crown upon her,
 So all shall see your toil repaid
 With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
 In water cool and brimming,—
 "All honor to the good old Craft,
 Its merry men and women!"
 Call out again your long array,
 In the old time's pleasant manner:
 Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
 Fling out his blazoned banner!

THE DROVERS

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower and sun,
 Still onward cheerly driving!
 There's life alone in duty done,
 And rest alone in striving.

But see! the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us;
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our footsore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.
The landlord beckons from his door,
His beechen fire is glowing;
These ample barns, with feed in store,
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across
By brows of rugged mountains;
From hillsides where, through spongy moss,
Gush out the river fountains;
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,
And bright with blooming clover;
From vales of corn the wandering crow
No richer hovers over;

Day after day our way has been,
O'er many a hill and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
Our stately drove we follow.
Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,
As slow behind it sinking;
Or, thronging close, from roadside rill,
Or sunny lakelet, drinking.
Now crowding in the narrow road,
In thick and struggling masses,
They glare upon the teamster's load,
Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,
And paw of hoof, and bellow,
They leap some farmer's broken pale,
O'er meadow-close or fallow.
Forth comes the startled goodman; forth
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,
Till once more on their dusty path
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,
Like those who grind their noses down
On pastures bare and stony,—
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,
And cows too lean for shadows,
Disputing feebly with the frogs
The crop of saw-grass meadows!

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,
No bones of leanness rattle;
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are there,
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand
That fed him unrepining;
The fatness of a goodly land
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest nooks,
The freshest feed is growing,
By sweetest springs and clearest brooks
Through honeysuckle flowing;
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,
Are bright with early grasses,
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The cricket to the frog's bassoon
 His shrillest time is keeping;
 The sickle of yon setting moon
 The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
 Our footsore beasts are weary,
 And through yon elms the tavern sign
 Looks out upon us cheery.
 To-morrow, eastward with our charge
 We'll go to meet the dawning,
 Ere yet the pines of Kéarsarge
 Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,
 Instead of birds, are flitting;
 When children throng the glowing hearth,
 And quiet wives are knitting;
 While in the fire-light strong and clear
 Young eyes of pleasure glisten,
 To tales of all we see and hear
 The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,
 From many a mountain pasture,
 Shall Fancy play the Drover still,
 And speed the long night faster.
 Then let us on, through shower and sun,
 And heat and cold, be driving;
 There's life alone in duty done,
 And rest alone in striving.

THE FISHERMEN

HURRAH! the seaward breezes
 Sweep down the bay amain;
 Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
 Run up the sail again!
 Leave to the lubber landsmen
 The rail-car and the steed;
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
And the lighthouse from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads, behind us,
For the homes we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the low, black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying,
Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening unto morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,
With the white cross on its crown!
Hurrah! for Meccatina,
And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the Caribou's tall antlers
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
And the footstep of the Mickmack
Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
Old Ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel-dark fin.
The sea 's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters
As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
 And light the hearth of home;
 From our fish, as in the old time,
 The silver coin shall come.
 As the demon fled the chamber
 Where the fish of Tobit lay,
 So ours from all our dwellings
 Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
 In the bitter air congeals,
 And our lines wind stiff and slowly
 From off the frozen reels;
 Though the fog be dark around us,
 And the storm blow high and loud,
 We will whistle down the wild wind,
 And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,
 On the water as on land,
 God's eye is looking on us,
 And beneath us is his hand!
 Death will find us soon or later,
 On the deck or in the cot;
 And we cannot meet him better
 Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah!—hurrah!—the west-wind
 Comes freshening down the bay,
 The rising sails are filling,—
 Give way, my lads, give way!
 Leave the coward landsman clinging
 To the dull earth, like a weed,—
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,
 The breath of heaven shall speed!

THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
 Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
 The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands
 gay

With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,

At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noon tide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood,

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,

Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;

And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,

Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,

And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;

But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,

Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,

Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,

Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,

The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,

To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

THE CORN-SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!

 Heap high the golden corn!

No richer gift has Autumn poured

 From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean

 The apple from the pine,

The orange from its glossy green,

 The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift

 Our rugged vales bestow,

To cheer us when the storm shall drift

 Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,

 Our ploughs their furrows made,

While on the hills the sun and showers

 Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,

 Beneath the sun of May,

And frightened from our sprouting grain

 The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June

 Its leaves grew green and fair,

And waved in hot midsummer's noon

 Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,

 Its harvest-time has come,

We pluck away the frosted leaves,

 And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift

 Apollo showered of old,

Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,

 And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
 Around their costly board;
 Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
 By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
 Sends up its smoky curls,
 Who will not thank the kindly earth,
 And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
 Whose folly laughs to scorn
 The blessing of our hardy grain,
 Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
 Let mildew blight the rye,
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
 The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod;
 Still let us, for his golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God!

THE LUMBERMEN

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,
 Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;
 Thickly down these swelling waters
 Float his fallen leaves.
 Through the tall and naked timber,
 Column-like and old,
 Gleam the sunsets of November,
 From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,
 Screams the gray wild-goose;
 On the night-frost sounds the treading
 Of the brindled moose.

Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping,
Frost his task-work plies;
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,
Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,
On some night of rain,
Lake and river break asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them
To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them
With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,
In these vales below,
When the earliest beams of sunlight
Streak the mountain's snow,
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,
To our hurrying feet,
And the forest echoes clearly
All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijejis
Stretches broad and clear,
And Millnoket's pine-black ridges
Hide the browsing deer:
Where, through lakes and wide morasses,
Or through rocky walls,
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes
White with foamy falls;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given
Of Katahdin's sides,—
Rock and forest piled to heaven,
Torn and ploughed by slides!
Far below, the Indian trapping,
In the sunshine warm;
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
Seem the fading leaves;
And a music wild and solemn,
From the pine-tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wind of night;

Make we here our camp of winter;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning
For our toil to-day;
And the welcome of returning
Shall our loss repay,
When, like seamen from the waters,
From the woods we come,
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,
Angels of our home!

Not for us the measured ringing
From the village spire,
Not for us the Sabbath singing
Of the sweet-voiced choir:
Ours the old, majestic temple,
Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample,
Propped by lofty pines!

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,
Speaks He in the breeze,
As of old beneath the twilight
Of lost Eden's trees!

For his ear, the inward feeling
Needs no outward tongue;
He can see the spirit kneeling
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning
From the false and dim,
Lamp of toil or altar burning
Are alike to Him.
Strike, then, comrades!—Trade is waiting
On our rugged toil;
Far ships waiting for the freighting
Of our woodland spoil!

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands,
Bleak and cold, of ours,
With the citron-planted islands
Of a clime of flowers;
To our frosts the tribute bringing
Of eternal heats;
In our lap of winter flinging
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike!—With every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks, with wondering eye!

Loud behind us grow the murmurs
Of the age to come;
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,
Bearing harvest home!
Here her virgin lap with treasures
Shall the green earth fill;
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,
 Take the smooth-shorn plain,—
Give to us the cedar valleys,
 Rocks and hills of Maine!
In our North-land, wild and woody,
 Let us still have part:
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
 Hold us to thy heart!

O, our free hearts beat the warmer
 For thy breath of snow;
And our tread is all the firmer
 For thy rocks below.
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
 Walketh strong and brave;
On the forehead of his neighbor
 No man writeth Slave!

Lo, the day breaks! old Katahdin's
 Pine-trees show its fires,
While from these dim forest gardens
 Rise their blackened spires.
Up, my comrades! up and doing!
 Manhood's rugged play
Still renewing, bravely hewing
 Through the world our way!

MISCELLANEOUS

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their
souls!"

Who is losing? who is winning?—"Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain
rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once
more.

"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and
horse,

Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its moun-
tain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled
away;

And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon
wheels;

There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their
heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging
lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together
fall;

Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the
Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful
on!

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has
won?

"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!"

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my
brain!"

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive
to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our
eyes!

"O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my
knee:

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me?
canst thou see?

O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said:
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life
away;

But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling
breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly
smiled:

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her
child?

All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North!"

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains: let the cool, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food.
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

FORGIVENESS

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
 Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
 So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
 One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
 The green mounds of the village burial-place;
 Where, pondering how all human love and hate
 Find one sad level; and how, soon or late,
 Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meekened face,
 And cold hands folded over a still heart,
 Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
 Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

BARCLAY OF URY

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
 By the kirk and college green,
 Rode the Laird of Ury;
 Close behind him, close beside,
 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
 Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
 Jeered at him the serving-girl,
 Prompt to please her master;
 And the begging carlin, late
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
 Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
 Up the streets of Aberdeen
 Came he slowly riding:
 And, to all he saw and heard,
 Answering not with bitter word,
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
 Loose and free and foward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
 Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
 "Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
 Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
 Cried aloud: "God save us,
Call ye coward him who 'tood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
 With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
 "Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
 Even though he slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
 Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
 Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day!" he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
 And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
 In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end":
Quoth the Laird of Ury,
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?"

"Give me joy that in his name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?"

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

"When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving:
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living."

"Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

WHAT THE VOICE SAID

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,
 "Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,
 "From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,
 Shake the bolted fire!

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying;
 With the brute the man is sold;
 And the dropping blood of labor
 Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,
 There the battle's groan of pain;
 And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon
 Reaping men like grain.

"'Where is God, that we should fear Him?'
 Thus the earth-born Titans say;
 'God! if thou art living, hear us!'
 Thus the weak ones pray.

"Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,"
 Spake a solemn Voice within;
 "Weary of our Lord's forbearance,
 Art thou free from sin?

"Fearless brow to Him uplifting,
 Canst thou for his thunders call,
 Knowing that to guilt's attraction
 Evermore they fall?

"Know'st thou not all germs of evil
 In thy heart await their time?
 Not thyself, but God's restraining,
 Stays their growth of crime.

"Couldst thou boast, O child of weakness!
 O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
 Were their strong temptations planted
 In thy path of life?

"Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing
From one fountain, clear and free,
But by widely varying channels
Searching for the sea.

"Glideth one through greenest valleys,
Kissing them with lips still sweet;
One, mad roaring down the mountains,
Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parsee
Kneels before his mother's fire?
In his black tent did the Tartar
Choose his wandering sire?

"He alone, whose hand is bounding
Human power and human will,
Looking through each soul's surrounding,
Knows its good or ill.

"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow
Make to thee their strong appeal,
Coward wert thou not to utter
What the heart must feel.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

"But, by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

"Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty
To thy lips her trumpet set,
But with harsher blasts shall mingle
Wailings of regret."

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
 Teacher sent of God, be near,
 Whispering through the day's cool silence,
 Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evil-doers
 Waken scorn, or hatred move,
 Shall a mournful fellow-feeling
 Temper all with love.

To DELAWARE

[Written during the discussion in the Legislature of that State, in the winter of 1846-47, of a bill for the abolition of slavery.]

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the East,
 To the strong tillers of a rugged home,
 With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,
 And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean's foam;
 And to the young nymphs of the golden West,
 Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie bloom,
 Trail in the sunset,—O redeemed and blest,
 To the warm welcome of thy sisters come!
 Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-white bay
 Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,
 And the great lakes, where echo, free alway,
 Moaned never shoreward with the clank of chains,
 Shall weave new sun-bows in their tossing spray,
 And all their waves keep grateful holiday.
 And, smiling on thee through her mountain rains,
 Vermont shall bless thee; and the Granite peaks,
 And vast Katahdin o'er his woods, shall wear
 Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold keen air;
 And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks
 O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,
 When, at thy bidding, the electric wire
 Shall tremble northward with its words of fire;
 Glory and praise to God! another State is free!

WORSHIP

"Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father is this: To visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—*James i. 27.*

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are spoken,
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan
Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,
O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,
The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,
With mother's offering, to the Fiend's embraces,
Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,
Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye
Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,
Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky;

Beneath whose baleful shadow overcasting
All heaven above, and blighting earth below,
The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with fasting,
And man's oblation was his fear and woe!

Then through great temples swelled the dismal moaning
Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer;
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droning,
Swung their white censers in the burdened air:

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savor
Of gums and spices could the Unseen One please;
As if his ear could bend, with childish favor,
To the poor flattery of the organ keys!

Feet red from war-fields trod the church aisles holy,
With trembling reverence: and the oppressor there,
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at his earthly children's hands:
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth he asks it: the full joy of Heaven
 Knoweth no change of waning or increase;
 The great heart of the Infinite beats even,
 Untroubled flows the river of his peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding
 The priestly altar and the saintly grave,
 No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,
 Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
 The holier worship which he deigns to bless
 Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
 And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow!
 Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead?
 Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow
 From stranger eyes the home lights which have fled?

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
 To worship rightly is to love each other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of Him whose holy work was "doing good";
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor
 Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!

THE PUMPKIN

O, GREENLY and fair in the lands of the sun,
 The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
 And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
 With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,

Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

O,—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie!

EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND"

How has New England's romance fled,
Even as a vision of the morning!
Its rites foredone,—its guardians dead,—
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,
Waking the veriest urchin's scorning!
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell
And fire-dance round the magic rock,
Forgotten like the Druid's spell
At moonrise by his holy oak!
No more along the shadowy glen,
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men;
No more the unquiet churchyard dead
Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,
Startling the traveller, late and lone;
As, on some night of starless weather,
They silently commune together,
Each sitting on his own head-stone!
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,
Its living tenants all departed,
No longer rings with midnight revel
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil;
No pale blue flame sends out its flashes
Through creviced roof and shattered sashes!—
The witch-grass round the hazel spring
May sharply to the night-air sing,
But there no more shall withered hags
Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,
Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters
As beverage meet for Satan's daughters;
No more their mimic tones be heard,—
The mew of cat,—the chirp of bird,—
Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter
Of the fell demon following after!
The cautious goodman nails no more
A horseshoe on his outer door,
Lest some unseemly hag should fit
To his own mouth her bridle-bit,—
The goodwife's churn no more refuses
Its wonted culinary uses
Until, with heated needle burned,

The witch has to her place returned!
Our witches are no longer old
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,
But young and gay and laughing creatures,
With the heart's sunshine on their features,—
Their sorcery—the light which dances
Where the raised lid unveils its glances;
Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,
 The music of Love's twilight hours,
Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan
 Above her nightly closing flowers,
Sweeter than that which sighed of yore
Along the charmed Ausonian shore!
Even she, our own weird heroine,
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,
 Sleeps calmly where the living laid her
And the wide realm of sorcery,
Left by its latest mistress free,
 Hath found no gray and skilled invader:
So perished Albion's "glammarye,"
 With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping
His charmed torch beside his knee,
That even the dead himself might see
 The magic scroll within his keeping.
And now our modern Yankee sees
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries;
And naught above, below, around,
Of life or death, of sight or sound,
 Whate'er its nature, form, or look,
Excites his terror or surprise,—
All seeming to his knowing eyes
Familiar as his "catechize,"
 Or "Webster's Spelling-Book."

HAMPTON BEACH

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,
 Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
 A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
 Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
 Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung rein
 Our seaward way,
Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
 Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
And bends above our heads the flowering locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
 Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow.
 While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life,—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
 His feet hath set
In the great waters, which have bound
 His granite ankles greenly round
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool spray wet.

Good by to pain and care! I take
 Mine ease to-day:
Here where these sunny waters break,
 And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
 Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
 Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
And far-off sails which flit before the south-wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
 The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
 Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
 No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
 Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
 May have its dawning;
And, as in summer's northern night
 The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray
 Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,
 Shoulder the broken tide away,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
 And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
 From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,
 I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and wind
 And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore
 In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once more
 To where, my native hill-tops o'er,
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
 I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
 But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the Sea.

A LAMENT

THE circle is broken,—one seat is forsaken,—
 One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken,—
 One heart from among us no longer shall thrill
 With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.

Weep!—lonely and lowly are slumbering now
 The light of her glances, the pride of her brow,
 Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen in vain
 To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity's claim
 From its silence and darkness is ever the same;
 The hope of that World whose existence is bliss
 May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit can throw
 On the scene of its troubled probation below,
 Than the pride of the marble, the pomp of the dead,
 To that glance will be dearer the tears which we shed.

O, who can forget the mild light of her smile,
 Over lips moved with music and feeling the while—
 The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like, and clear,
 In the glow of its gladness, the shade of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while over the whole
 Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul,—
 And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems
 Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold
 Those treasures of feeling, more precious than gold,—
 The love and the kindness and pity which gave
 Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the grave!

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,
 Unmoved from its purpose by censure and blame,
 While vainly alike on her eye and her ear
 Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper!
With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the weeper!—
Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful or gay,
With warnings in love to the passing astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for them
Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem;
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,
And the sting of reproof was still tempered by love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given,
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,
So hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

DANIEL WHEELER

[DANIEL WHEELER, a minister of the Society of Friends, and who had labored in the cause of his Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the islands of the Pacific, died in New York in the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to this country.]

O DEARLY loved!
And worthy of our love!—No more
The aged form shall rise before
The hushed and waiting worshipper,
In meek obedience utterance giving
To words of truth, so fresh and living,
That, even to the inward sense,
They bore unquestioned evidence
Of an anointed Messenger!
Or, bowing down thy silver hair
In reverent awfulness of prayer,—
 The world, its time and sense, shut out,—
The brightness of Faith's holy trance
Gathered upon thy countenance,
 As if each lingering cloud of doubt,—
The cold, dark shadows resting here
In Time's unluminous atmosphere,—
 Were lifted by an angel's hand,
And through them on thy spiritual eye
Shone down the blessedness on high,
 The glory of the Better Land!

The oak has fallen!
While, meet for no good work, the vine
May yet its worthless branches twine.
Who knoweth not that with thee fell
A great man in our Israel?
Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,
Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,
And in thy hand retaining yet
The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell!
Unharmed and safe, where, wild and free,
Across the Neva's cold morass
The breezes from the Frozen Sea
With winter's arrowy keenness pass;
Or where the unwarning tropic gale
Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,
Or where the noon-hour's fervid heat
Against Tahiti's mountains beat;
The same mysterious Hand which gave
Deliverance upon land and wave,
Tempered for thee the blasts which blew
Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,
And blessed for thee the baleful dew
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,
Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,
Midst our soft airs and opening flowers
Hath given thee a grave!

His will be done,
Who seeth not as man, whose way
Is not as ours!—'T is well with thee!
Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay
Disquieted thy closing day,
But, evermore, thy soul could say,
"My Father careth still for me!"
Called from thy hearth and home,—from her,
The last dear one to minister
In duty and in love to thee,
From all which nature holdeth dear,
Feeble with years and worn with pain,
To seek our distant land again,
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing
The things which should befall thee here,

Whether for labor or for death,
In childlike trust serenely going
To that last trial of thy faith!

O, far away,
Where never shines our Northern star
On that dark waste which Balboa saw
From Darien's mountains stretching far,
So strange, heaven-broad, and lone, that there,
With forehead to its damp wind bare,
He bent his mailed knee in awe;
In many an isle whose coral feet
The surges of that ocean beat,
In thy palm shadows, Oahu,
And Honolulu's silver bay,
Amidst Owyhee's hills of blue,
And taro-plains of Tooboonai,
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be
Sad as our own at thought of thee,—
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,
Whose souls in weariness and need
Were strengthened and refreshed by thine.

For blessed by our Father's hand
Was thy deep love and tender care,
Thy ministry and fervent prayer,—
Grateful as Eschol's clustered vine
To Israel in a weary land!

And they who drew
By thousands round thee, in the hour
Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep,
That He who bade the islands keep
Silence before him, might renew
Their strength with his unslumbering power,
They too shall mourn that thou art gone,
That nevermore thy aged lip
Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard
Through thee the Gospel's glorious word,—
Seals of thy true apostleship.
And, if the brightest diadem,

Whose gems of glory purely burn
 Around the ransomed ones in bliss,
 Be evermore reserved for them
 Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn
 Many to righteousness,—
 May we not think of thee as wearing
 That star-like crown of light, and bearing,
 Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,
 The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand;
 And joining with a seraph's tongue "
 In that new song the elders sung,
 Ascribing to its blessed Giver
 Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever!

Farewell!
 And though the ways of Zion mourn
 When her strong ones are called away,
 Who like thyself have calmly borne
 The heat and burden of the day,
 Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth
 His ancient watch around us keepeth;
 Still, sent from his creating hand,
 New witnesses for Truth shall stand,—
 New instruments to sound abroad
 The Gospel of a risen Lord;
 To gather to the fold once more
 The desolate and gone astray,
 The scattered of a cloudy day,
 And Zion's broken walls restore;
 And, through the travail and the toil
 Of true obedience, minister
 Beauty for ashes, and the oil
 Of joy for mourning, unto her!
 So shall her holy bounds increase
 With walls of praise and gates of peace:
 So shall the Vine, which martyr tears
 And blood sustained in other years,
 With fresher life be clothed upon;
 And to the world in beauty show
 Like the rose-plant of Jericho,
 And glorious as Lebanon!

DANIEL NEALL

I

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend of all;
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when
The need of battling Freedom called for men
To plant the banner on the outer wall;
Gentle and kindly, ever at distress
Melted to more than woman's tenderness,
Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post
Fronting the violence of a maddened host,
Like some gray rock from which the waves are tossed!

Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
The faith of one whose walk and word were right,—
Who tranquilly in Life's great taskfield wrought,
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white:
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own
Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

II

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man!—
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still;
And, while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.

So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know its worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth.

TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER

THINE is a grief, the depth of which another
May never know;
Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken brother!
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding
Thy hand in mine;
With even the weakness of my soul upholding
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed;
I stood not by
When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-hearted
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak condoling
Must vainly fall:
The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling,
Sounds over all!

I will not mock thee with the poor world's common
And heartless phrase,
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb!

Yet, would I say what thy own heart approveth:
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought:
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel,—
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in his heaven.

And she is with thee; in thy path of trial
She walketh yet;
Still with the baptism of thy self-denial
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother! Lo, the fields of harvest
Lie white in view!
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle!—England's toilworn peasants
Thy call abide;
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence,
Shall glean beside!

GONE

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel-steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
 Eternal as the sky;
 And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
 A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
 The changing of her sphere,
 To give to Heaven a Shining One,
 Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
 Fell on us like the dew;
 And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed
 Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
 Were in her very look;
 We read her face, as one who reads
 A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,
 To which our hearts could move;
 The breathing of an inward psalm;
 A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
 And by the hearth-fire's light;
 We pause beside her door to hear
 Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
 Her smile no longer cheers;
 A dimness on the stars of night,
 Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
 One thought hath reconciled;
 That He whose love exceedeth ours
 Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be

'A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

THE LAKE-SIDE

THE shadows round the inland sea
Are deepening into night;
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light.
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
I rest my languid eye,
Lake of the Hills! where, cool and sweet,
Thy sunset waters lie!

Along the sky, in wavy lines,
O'er isle and reach and bay,
Green-belted with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away.
Below, the maple masses sleep
Where shore with water blends,
While midway on the tranquil deep
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,
Of old, the Indian trod,
And, through the sunset air, looked down
Upon the Smile of God.
To him of light and shade the laws
No forest sceptic taught;
Their living and eternal Cause
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light
 Which now across them shines;
 This lake, in summer sunset bright,
 Walled round with sombering pines.
 God near him seemed; from earth and skies
 His loving voice he heard,
 As, face to face, in Paradise,
 Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, O our Father! that, like him,
 Thy tender love I see,
 In radiant hill and woodland dim,
 And tinted sunset sea.
 For not in mockery dost thou fill
 Our earth with light and grace;
 Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will
 Behind thy smiling face!

THE HILL-TOP

THE burly driver at my side,
 We slowly climbed the hill,
 Whose summit, in the hot noon tide,
 Seemed rising, rising still.
 At last, our short noon-shadows hid
 The top-stone, bare and brown,
 From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,
 The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North;
 Between me and the sun,
 O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,
 I saw the cloud-shades run.
 Before me, stretched for glistening miles,
 Lay mountain-girdled Squam;
 Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles
 Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze warm,
 Far as the eye could roam,

Dark billows of an earthquake storm
 Beflecked with clouds like foam,
 Their vales in misty shadow deep,
 Their rugged peaks in shine,
 I saw the mountain ranges sweep
 The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocorua's peak; and west,
 Moosehillock's woods were seen,
 With many a nameless slide-scarred crest
 And pine-dark gorge between.
 Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
 The great Notch mountains shone,
 Watched over by the solemn-browed
 And awful face of stone!

"A good look-off!" the driver spake:
 "About this time, last year,
 I drove a party to the Lake,
 And stopped, at evening, here.
 'T was duskish down below; but all
 These hills stood in the sun,
 Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,
 He left them, one by one.

"A lady, who, from Thornton hill,
 Had held her place outside,
 And, as a pleasant woman will,
 Had cheered the long, dull ride,
 Besought me, with so sweet a smile,
 That—though I hate delay—
 I could not choose but rest awhile,—
 (These women have such ways!)

"On yonder mossy ledge she sat,
 Her sketch upon her knees,
 A stray brown lock beneath her hat
 Unrolling in the breeze;
 Her sweet face, in the sunset light
 Upraised and glorified,—
 I never saw a prettier sight
 In all my mountain ride.

"As good as fair; it seemed her joy
 To comfort and to give;
 My poor, sick wife, and cripple boy,
 Will bless her while they live!"
 The tremor in the driver's tone
 His manhood did not shame:
 "I dare say, sir, you may have known—"
 He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds;
 The blue lake fled away;
 For mountain-scope a parlor's bounds,
 A lighted hearth for day!
 From lonely years and weary miles
 The shadows fell apart;
 King voices cheered, sweet human smiles
 Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on; but earth and sky
 Had power to charm no more;
 Still dreamed my inward-turning eye
 The dream of memory o'er.
 Ah! human kindness, human love,—
 To few who seek denied,—
 Too late we learn to prize above
 The whole round world besidel

MEMORIES

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
 With step as light as summer air,
 Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
 Shadowed by many a careless curl
 Of unconfined and flowing hair;
 A seeming child in everything,
 Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
 As Nature wears the smile of Spring
 When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
 Which melted through its graceful bower,

Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
 Unfolding like a morning flower:
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
 With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
 From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
 Of memory, at the thought of thee!
Old hopes which long in dust have lain
Old dreams, come thronging back again,
 And boyhood lives again in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
 Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
 Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
 I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again arise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
 With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
 Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
 And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
 My picture of thy youth to see,
When, half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
 And folly's self seemed wise in thee;
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
 The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
 Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace,
 Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
 Of woman's pensive beauty brought.

More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,
 The school-boy's humble name has flown;
 Thine, in the green and quiet ways
 Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
 Diverge our pathways, one in youth;
 Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
 While answers to my spirit's need
 The Derby dalesman's simple truth.
 For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
 And holy day, and solemn psalm;
 For me, the silent reverence where
 My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
 An impress Time has worn not out,
 And something of myself in thee,
 A shadow from the past, I see,
 Lingering, even yet, thy way about;
 Not wholly can the heart unlearn
 That lesson of its better hours,
 Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
 To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes
 The shadows melt, and fall apart,
 And, smiling through them, round us lies
 The warm light of our morning skies,—
 The Indian Summer of the heart!—
 In secret sympathies of mind,
 In founts of feeling which retain
 Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
 Our early dreams not wholly vain!

THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS

STILL in thy streets, O Paris! doth the stain
 Of blood defy the cleansing autumn rain;
 Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins through,
 And Naples mourns that new Bartholomew,

When squalid beggary, for a dole of bread,
At a crowned murderer's beck of license, fed
The yawning trenches with her noble dead;
Still, doomed Vienna, through thy stately halls
The shell goes crashing and the red shot falls,
And, leagued to crush thee, on the Danube's side,
The bearded Croat and Bosniak spearman ride;
Still in that vale where Himalaya's snow
Melts round the cornfields and the vines below,
The Sikh's hot canon, answering ball for ball,
Flames in the breach of Moultan's shattered wall;
On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the slain,
And Sutlej paints with blood its banks again.
"What folly, then," the faithless critic cries,
With sneering lip, and wise world-knowing eyes,
"While fort to fort, and post to post, repeat
The ceaseless challenge of the war-drum's beat,
And round the green earth, to the church-bell's chime,
The morning drum-roll of the camp keeps time,
To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,
Of swords to ploughshares changed by Scriptural charms,
Of Nations, drunken with the wine of blood,
Staggering to take the Pledge of Brotherhood,
Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's call,—
The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,
The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with life,
The Yankee swaggering with his bowie-knife,
The Russ, from banquets with the vulture shared,
The blood still dripping from his amber beard,
Quitting their mad Berserker dance to hear
The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer;
Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,
Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,
To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,
For tea and gossip, like old country dames!
No! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant,
Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,
Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,
And Burritt, stammering through his hundred tongues,
Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,
Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar;
Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade

Of "Olive-leaves" and Resolutions made,
 Spike guns with pointed Scripture-texts, and hope
 To capsize navies with a windy trope;
 Still shall the glory and the pomp of War
 Along their train the shouting millions draw;
 Still dusty Labor to the passing Brave
 His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave;
 Still shall the bard to Valor tune his song,
 Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong;
 Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,
 O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,
 To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove
 Their trade accordant with the Law of Love;
 And Church for State, and State for Church, shall fight,
 And both agree, that Might alone is Right!"
 Despite of sneers like these, O faithful few,
 Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,
 Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,
 And o'er the present wilderness of crime
 Sees the calm future, with its robes of green,
 Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams between,—
 Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,
 Though worldly wisdom shake the cautious head;
 No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,
 Without the greeting of the sceptic's sneer;
 Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall,
 Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall cease,
 Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace;
 As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,
 Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,
 Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,
 And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.
 Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
 Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,
 Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,
 Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
 Through the mad discord send that calming word
 Which wind and wave on wild Genesareth heard,
 Lift in Christ's name his Cross against the Sword!
 Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,

Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm
On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth of God,—
Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day.

* THE WISH OF TO-DAY

I ASK not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled,—
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away,—
O, sweet, fond dream of human Love!
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known,—
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan,
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
 And longs for light whereby to see,
 And, like a weary child, would come,
 O Father, unto thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
 My weak resolves have passed away,
 In mercy lend thy helping hand
 Unto my prayer to-day!

OUR STATE

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,
 The prairied West its heavy grain,
 And sunset's radiant gates unfold
 On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State
 Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
 Her yellow sands are sands alone,
 Her only mines are ice and stone!

From Autumn frost to April rain,
 Too long her winter woods complain;
 From budding flower to falling leaf,
 Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
 And wintry hills, the school-house stands,
 And what her rugged soil denies,
 The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth
 Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
 And more to her than gold or grain,
 The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
 The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
 And still maintains, with milder laws,
 And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.

ALL'S WELL

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow.

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germs and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done!

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

THE PEACE OF EUROPE

1852

"GREAT peace in Europe! Order reigns
From Tiber's hills to Danube's plains!"
So say her kings and priests; so say
The lying prophets of our day.
Go lay to earth a listening ear;
The tramp of measured marches hear,—
The rolling of the cannon's wheel,
The shotted musket's murderous peal,
The night alarm, the sentry's call,
The quick-eared spy in hut and hall!
From Polar sea and tropic fen
The dying-groans of exiled men!
The bolted cell, the galley's chains,
The scaffold smoking with its stains!
Order,—the hush of brooding slaves!
Peace,—in the dungeon-vaults and graves!

O Fisher! of the world-wide net,
With meshes in all waters set,
Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell
Bolt hard the patriot's prison-cell,
And open wide the banquet-hall,
Where kings and priests hold carnival!
Weak vassal tricked in royal guise,
Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies;
Base gambler for Napoleon's crown,
Barnacle on his dead renown!

Thou, Bourbon Neapolitan,
Crowned scandal, loathed of God and man;
And thou, fell Spider of the North!
Stretching thy giant feelers forth,
Within whose web the freedom dies
Of nations eaten up like flies!
Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and Czar!
If this be Peace, pray what is War?

White Angel of the Lord! unmeet
That soil accursed for thy pure feet.
Never in Slavery's desert flows
The fountain of thy charmed repose;
No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves
Of lilies and of olive-leaves;
Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
Thus saith the Eternal Oracle;
Thy home is with the pure and free!

Stern herald of thy better day,
Before thee, to prepare thy way,
The Baptist Shade of Liberty,
Gray, scarred and hairy-robed, must press
With bleeding feet the wilderness!
O that its voice might pierce the ear
Of princes, trembling while they hear
A cry as of the Hebrew seer:
Repent! God's kingdom draweth near!

APRIL

"The spring comes slowly up this way."
Christabel.

'T is the noon of the spring-time, yet never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard;
For green meadow-grasses wide levels of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow;
Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,
On south-sloping brooksides should smile in the light,
O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-waking roots
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots;
And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,
Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-laurel creeps,
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers!

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!
Up our long river-valley, for days, have not ceased
The wail and the shriek of the bitter northeast,—
Raw and chill, as if winnowed through ices and snow,
All the way from the land of the wild Esquimau,—
Until all our dreams of the land of the blest,
Like that red hunter's, turn to the sunny southwest.

O soul of the spring-time, its light and its breath,
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this death;
Renew the great miracle; let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old!
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has lain,
Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,
And in blooming of flower and budding of tree
The symbols and types of our destiny see;
The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,
And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the soul!

A SABBATH SCENE

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath-bell
Ceased quivering in the steeple,
Scarce had the parson to his desk
Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer-shaded street
A wasted female figure,
With dusky brow and naked feet,
Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,
She heard the sweet hymn swelling:
O pitying Christ! a refuge give
That poor one in thy dwelling!

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,
Right up the aisle she glided,
While close behind her, whip in hand,
A lank-haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,
To Heaven and Earth appealing:—
Were manhood's generous pulses dead?
Had woman's heart no feeling?

A score of stout hands rose between
The hunter and the flying:
Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes
Flashed tearful, yet defying.

“Who dares profane this house and day?”
Cried out the angry pastor.
“Why, bless your soul, the wench 's a slave,
And I 'm her lord and master!

“I've law and gospel on my side,
And who shall dare refuse me?”
Down came the parson, bowing low,
“My good sir, pray excuse me!

"Of course I know your right divine
 To own and work and whip her;
 Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglott
 Before the wench, and trip her!"

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er
 Its sacred pages stumbling,
 Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,
 The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,
 The while his flock addressing,
 The Scriptural claims of slavery
 With text on text impressing.

"Although," said he, "on Sabbath day
 All secular occupations
 Are deadly sins, we must fulfil
 Our moral obligations:

"And this commands itself as one
 To every conscience tender;
 As Paul sent back Onesimus,
 My Christian friends, we send her!"

Shriek rose on shriek,—the Sabbath air
 Her wild cries tore asunder;
 I listened, with hushed breath, to hear
 God answering with his thunder!

All still!—the very altar's cloth
 Had smothered down her shrieking,
 And, dumb, she turned from face to face,
 For human pity seeking!

I saw her dragged along the aisle,
 Her shackles harshly clanking;
 I heard the parson, over all,
 The Lord devoutly thanking!

My brain took fire: "Is this," I cried,
 "The end of prayer and preaching?
Then down with pulpit, down with priest,
 And give us Nature's teaching!

"Foul shame and scorn be on ye all
 Who turn the good to evil,
And steal the Bible from the Lord,
 To give it to the Devil!

"Than garbled text or parchment law
 I own a statute higher;
And God is true, though every book
 And every man's a liar!"

Just then I felt the deacon's hand
 In wrath my coat-tail seize on;
I heard the priest cry, "Infidell!"
 The lawyer mutter, "Treason!"

I started up,—where now were church,
 Slave, master, priest, and people?
I only heard the supper-bell,
 Instead of clanging steeple.

But, on the open window's sill,
 O'er which the white blooms drifted,
The pages of a good old Book
 The wind of summer lifted,

And flower and vine, like angel wings
 Around the Holy Mother,
Waved softly there, as if God's truth
 And Mercy kissed each other.

And freely from the cherry-bough
 Above the casement swinging,
With golden bosom to the sun,
 The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old
 The lesson of the Teacher,
 So now I heard the written Word
 Interpreted by Nature!

'For to my ear methought the breeze
 Bore Freedom's blessed word on;
THUS SAITH THE LORD: BREAK EVERY YOKE,
 UNDO THE HEAVY BURDEN!

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

THE proudest now is but my peer,
 The highest not more high;
 To-day, of all the weary year,
 A king of men am I.
 To-day, alike are great and small,
 The nameless and the known;
 My palace is the people's hall,
 The ballot-box my throne!

Who serves to-day upon the list
 Beside the served shall stand;
 Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
 The gloved and dainty hand!
 The rich is level with the poor,
 The weak is strong to-day;
 And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
 Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
 My stubborn right abide;
 I set a plain man's common sense
 Against the pedant's pride.
 To-day shall simple manhood try
 The strength of gold and land;
 The wide world has not wealth to buy
 The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
 Or balance to adjust,
 Where weighs our living manhood less
 Than Mammon's vilest dust,—

While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man 's a man to-day!

KATHLEEN

O NORAH, lay your basket down,
And fest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,
A mighty lord was he;
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And so, in evil spite,
She baked the black bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved the kern,
And drove away the poor;
“Ah, woe is me!” the old lord said,
“I rue my bargain sore!”

This lord he had a daughter fair,
Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing-fires
Of her the gleeman sung.

“As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall”;
So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

“O come to me, my daughter dear!
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your mother's own I see!”

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,
 He kissed her forehead fair;
"It is my darling Mary's brow,
 It is my darling's hair!"

O, then spake up the angry dame,
 "Get up, get up," quoth she,
"I'll sell ye over Ireland,
 I'll sell ye o'er the sea!"

She clipped her glossy hair away,
 That none her rank might know,
She took away her gown of silk,
 And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town
 And to a seaman sold
This daughter of an Irish lord
 For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,
 And tore his beard so gray;
But he was old, and she was young,
 And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee howled
 To fright the evil dame,
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
 With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the trees,
 And glimmering down the hill;
They crept before the dead-vault door,
 And there they all stood still!

"Get up, old man! the wake-lights shine!"
 "Ye murthinger witch," quoth he,
"So I'm rid of your tongue, I little care
 If they shine for you or me."

"O, whoso brings my daughter back,
 My gold and land shall have!"

O, then spake up his handsome page,
"No gold nor land I crave!"

"But give to me your daughter dear,
Give sweet Kathleen to me.
Be she on sea or be she on land,
I'll bring her back to thee."

"My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your bride the day
You bring her back to me."

He sailed east, he sailed west,
And far and long sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea.

"O, have ye seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland?
Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand!"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know
The maiden whom ye mean;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen.

"No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston town,
And met a maiden fair,
A little basket on her arm
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast thou
This young man ever seen?"
They wept within each other's arms,
The page and young Kathleen.

"O give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold."
"Nay, not by me," her master said,
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold."

"We loved her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en;
But, since her heart 's in Ireland,
We give her back again!"

O, for that same the saints in heaven
For his poor soul shall pray,
And Mary Mother wash with tears
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,
As you go up Clarenmore
Ye 'll see their castle looking down
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee.

To MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER

AN EPISTLE NOT AFTER THE MANNER OF HORACE

Old friend, kind friend! lightly down
Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown!
Never be thy shadow less,
Never fail thy cheerfulness;
Care, that kills the cat, may plough
Wrinkles in the miser's brow,
Deepen envy's spiteful frown,
Draw the mouths of bigots down,
Plague ambition's dream, and sit
Heavy on the hypocrite,
Haunt the rich man's door, and ride
In the gilded coach of pride;—

Let the fiend pass!—what can he
Find to do with such as thee?
Seldom comes that evil guest
Where the conscience lies at rest,
And brown health and quiet wit
Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urchin unto whom,
In that smoked and dingy room,
Where the district gave thee rule
O'er its ragged winter school,
Thou didst teach the mysteries
Of those weary A B C's,—
Where, to fill the every pause
Of thy wise and learned saws,
Through the cracked and crazy wall
Came the cradle-rock and squall,
And the goodman's voice, at strife
With his shrill and tipsy wife,—
Luring us by stories old,
With a comic unction told,
More than by the eloquence
Of terse birchen arguments
(Doubtful gain, I fear), to look
With complacence on a book!—
Where the genial pedagogue
Half forgot his rogues to flog,
Citing tale or apologue,
Wise and merry in its drift
As old Phædrus' twofold gift,
Had the little rebels known it,
Risum et prudentiam monet!
I,—the man of middle years,
In whose sable locks appears
Many a warning fleck of gray,—
Looking back to that far day,
And thy primal lessons, feel
Grateful smiles my lips unseal,
As, remembering thee, I blend
Olden teacher, present friend,
Wise with antiquarian search,
In the scrolls of State and Church:

Named on history's title-page,
Parish-clerk and justice sage;
For the ferule's wholesome awe
Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,
Gathering up the scattered leaves
Which the wrinkled sibyl cast
Careless from her as she passed,—
Twofold citizen art thou,
Freeman of the past and now.
He who bore thy name of old
Midway in the heavens did hold
Over Gibeon moon and sun;
Thou hast bidden them backward run;
Of to-day the present ray
Finging over yesterday!

Let the busy ones deride
What I deem of right thy pride:
Let the fools their tread-mills grind,
Look not forward nor behind,
Shuffle in and wriggle out,
Veer with every breeze about,
Turning like a windmill sail,
Or a dog that seeks his tail;
Let them laugh to see thee fast
Tabernacled in the Past,
Working out with eye and lip,
Riddles of old penmanship,
Patient as Belzoni there
Sorting out, with loving care,
Mummies of dead questions stripped
From their sevenfold manuscript!

Dabbling, in their noisy way,
In the puddles of to-day,
Little know they of that vast
Solemn ocean of the past,
On whose margin, wreck-bespread,
Thou art walking with the dead,
Questioning the stranded years,

Waking smiles, by turns, and tears,
As thou callest up again
Shapes the dust has long o'erlain,—
Fair-haired woman, bearded man,
Cavalier and Puritan;
In an age whose eager view
Seeks but present things, and new,
Mad for party, sect and gold,
Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,
Coolly bagging fact on fact,
Naught amiss to thee can float,
Tale, or song, or anecdote;
Village gossip, centuries old,
Scandals by our grandams told,
What the pilgrim's table spread,
Where he lived, and whom he wed,
Long-drawn bill of wine and beer
For his ordination cheer,
Or the flip that wellnigh made
Glad his funeral cavalcade;
Weary prose, and poet's lines,
Flavored by their age, like wines,
Eulogistic of some quaint,
Doubtful, puritanic saint;
Lays that quickened husking jigs,
Jests that shook grave periwigs,
When the parson had his jokes
And his glass, like other folks;
Sermons that, for mortal hours,
Taxed our fathers' vital powers,
As the long nineteenthlies poured
Downward from the sounding-board,
And, for fire of Pentecost,
Touched their beards December's frost.

Time is hastening on, and we
What our father's are shall be,—
Shadow-shapes of memory!
Joined to that vast multitude
Where the great are but the good,

And the mind of strength shall prove
Weaker than the heart of love;
Pride of graybeard wisdom less
Than the infant's guilelessness,
And his song of sorrow more
Than the crown the Psalmist wore!
Who shall then, with pious zeal,
At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,
From a stained and stony page
Reading to a careless age,
With a patient eye like thine,
Prosing tale and limping line,
Names and words the hoary rime
Of the Past has made sublime?
Who shall work for us as well
The antiquarian's miracle?
Who to seeming life recall
Teacher grave and pupil small?
Who shall give to thee and me
Freeholds in futurity?

Well, whatever lot be mine,
Long and happy days be thine,
Ere thy full and honored age
Dates of time its latest page!
Squire for master, State for school,
Wisely lenient, live and rule;
Over grown-up knave and rogue
Play the watchful pedagogue;
Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,
At the call of youth and beauty,
Speak for them the spell of law
Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,
And the flaming sword remove
From the Paradise of Love.
Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore
Ancient tome and record o'er;
Still thy week-day lyrics croon,
Pitch in church the Sunday tune,
Showing something, in thy part,
Of the old Puritanic art,
Singer after Sternhold's heart!

In thy pew, for many a year,
Homilies from Oldbug hear,
Who to wit like that of South,
And the Syrian's golden mouth,
Doth the homely pathos add
Which the pilgrim preachers had;
Breaking, like a child at play,
Gilded idols of the day,
Cant of knave and pomp of fool
Tossing with his ridicule,
Yet, in earnest or in jest,
Ever keeping truth abreast.
And, when thou art called, at last,
To thy townsmen of the past,
Not as stranger shalt thou come;
Thou shalt find thyself at home!
With the little and the big,
Woollen cap and periwig,
Madam in her high-laced ruff,
Goody in her home-made stuff,—
Wise and simple, rich and poor,
Thou hast known them all before!

THE PANORAMA,

AND OTHER POEMS

THE PANORAMA

"Al fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayse man to half liking.
Fredome all solace to man giffis;
He levys at ese that frely levys!
A nobil hart may haif nane ese
Na ellys nocht that may him plese
Gyff Fredome failythe."

ARCHDEACON BARBOUR.

THROUGH the long hall the shuttered windows shed
A dubious light on every upturned head,—
On locks like those of Absalom the fair,
On the bald apex ringed with scanty hair,
On blank indifference and on curious stare;
On the pale Showman reading from his stage
The hieroglyphics of that facial page;
Half sad, half scornful, listening to the bruit
Of restless cane-tap and impatient foot,
And the shrill call, across the general din,
"Roll up your curtain! Let the show begin!"

At length a murmur like the winds that break
Into green waves the prairie's grassy lake,
Deepened and swelled to music clear and loud,
And, as the west-wind lifts a summer cloud,
The curtain rose, disclosing wide and far
A green land stretching to the evening star,
Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees
And flowers hummed over by the desert bees,
Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of greenness show
Fantastic outcrops of the rock below,—
The slow result of patient Nature's pains,
And plastic fingering of her sun and rains,—
Arch, tower, and gate, grotesquely windowed hall,

And long escarpment of half-crumbled wall,
Huger than those which, from steep hills of vine,
Stare through their loopholes on the travelled Rhine;
Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's mind
A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,
Of the land's dwellers in an age unguessed,—
The unsung Jotuns of the mystic West.

Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells surpass
The Tartar's marvels of his Land of Grass,
Vast as the sky against whose sunset shores
Wave after wave the billowy greenness pours;
And, onward still, like islands in that main
Loom the rough peaks of many a mountain chain,
Whence east and west a thousand waters run
From winter lingering under summer's sun.
And, still beyond, long lines of foam and sand
Tell where Pacific rolls his waves aland,
From many a wide-lapped port and land-locked bay,
Opening with thunderous pomp the world's highway
To Indian isles of spice, and marts of far Cathay.

"Such," said the Showman, as the curtain fell,
"Is the new Canaan of our Israel,—
The land of promise to the swarming North,
Which, hive-like, sends its annual surplus forth,
To the poor Southron on his worn-out soil,
Scathed by the curses of unnatural toil;
To Europe's exiles seeking home and rest,
And the lank nomads of the wandering West,
Who, asking neither, in their love of change
And the free bison's amplitude of range,
Rear the log-hut, for present shelter meant,
Not future comfort, like an Arab's tent."

Then spake a shrewd on-looker, "Sir," said he,
"I like your picture, but I fain would see
A sketch of what your promised land will be
When, with electric nerve, and fiery-brained,
With Nature's forces to its chariot chained,
The future grasping, by the past obeyed,
The twentieth century rounds a new decade."

Then said the Showman, sadly: "He who grieves
Over the scattering of the sibyl's leaves
Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that we know
What needs must ripen from the seed we sow;
That present time is but the mould wherein
We cast the shapes of holiness and sin.
A painful watcher of the passing hour,
Its lust of gold, its strife for place and power;
Its lack of manhood, honor, reverence, truth,
Wise-thoughted age, and generous-hearted youth;
Nor yet unmindful of each better sign,—
The low, far lights, which on th' horizon shine,
Like those which sometimes tremble on the rim
Of clouded skies when day is closing dim,
Flashing athwart the purple spears of rain
The hope of sunshine on the hills again:—
I need no prophet's word, nor shapes that pass
Like clouding shadows o'er a magic glass;
For now, as ever, passionless and cold,
Doth the dread angel of the future hold
Evil and good before us, with no voice
Or warning look to guide us in our choice;
With spectral hands outreaching through the gloom
The shadowy contrasts of the coming doom.
Transferred from these, it now remains to give
The sun and shade of Fate's alternative."

Then, with a burst of music, touching all
The keys of thrifty life,—the mill stream's fall,
The engine's pant along its quivering rails,
The anvil's ring, the measured beat of flails,
The sweep of scythes, the reapers whistled tune,
Answering the summons of the bells of noon,
The woodman's hail along the river shores,
The steamboat's signal, and the dip of oars,—
Slowly the curtain rose from off a land
Fair as God's garden. Broad on either hand
The golden wheat-fields glimmered in the sun,
And the tall maize its yellow tassels spun.
Smooth highways set with hedge-rows living green,
With steepled towns through shaded vistas seen,
The school-house murmuring with its hive-like swarm,

The brook-bank whitening in the grist-mill's storm,
The painted farm-house shining through the leaves
Of fruited orchards bending at its eaves,
Where live again, around the Western hearth,
The homely old-time virtues of the North;
Where the blithe housewife rises with the day,
And well-paid labor counts his task a play.
And, grateful tokens of a Bible free,
And the free Gospel of Humanity,
Of diverse sects, and differing names the shrines,
One in their faith, whate'er their outward signs,
Like varying strophes of the same sweet hymn
From many a prairie's swell and river's brim,
A thousand church-spires sanctify the air
Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign of prayer.

Like sudden nightfall over bloom and green
The curtain dropped: and, momently, between
The clank of fetter and the crack of thong,
Half sob, half laughter, music swept along,—
A strange refrain, whose idle words and low,
Like drunken mourners, kept the time of woe;
As if the revellers at a masquerade
Heard in the distance funeral marches played.
Such music, dashing all his smiles with tears,
The thoughtful voyager on Ponchartrain hears,
Where, through the noonday dusk of wooded shores
The negro boatman, singing to his oars,
With a wild pathos borrowed of his wrong
Redeems the jargon of his senseless song.
“Look,” said the Showman, sternly, as he rolled
His curtain upward; “Fate's reverse behold!”

A village straggling in loose disarray
Of vulgar newness, premature decay;
A tavern, crazy with its whiskey brawls,
With “*Slaves at Auction!*” garnishing its walls.
Without, surrounded by a motley crowd,
The shrewd-eyed salesman, garrulous and loud,
A squire or colonel in his pride of place,
Known at free fights, the caucus, and the race,
Prompt to proclaim his honor without blot,

And silence doubters with a ten-pace shot,
Mingling the negro-driving bully's rant
With pious phrase and democratic cant,
Yet never scrupling, with a filthy jest,
To sell the infant from its mother's breast,
Break through all ties of wedlock, home, and kin,
Yield shrinking girlhood up to gray-beard sin;
Sell all the virtues with his human stock,
The Christian graces on his auction-block,
And coolly count on shrewdest bargains driven
In hearts regenerate, and in souls forgiven!

Look once again! The moving canvas shows
A slave plantation's slovenly repose,
Where, in rude cabins rotting midst their weeds,
The human chattel eats, and sleeps, and breeds;
And, held a brute, in practice, as in law,
'Becomes in fact the thing he's taken for.
There, early summoned to the hemp and corn,
The nursing mother leaves her child new-born;
There haggard sickness, weak and deathly faint,
Crawls to his task, and fears to make complaint;
And sad-eyed Rachels, childless in decay,
Weep for their lost ones sold and torn away!
Of ampler size the master's dwelling stands,
In shabby keeping with his half-tilled lands,—
The gates unhinged, the yard with weeds unclean,
The cracked veranda with a tipsy lean.
Without, loose-scattered like a wreck adrift,
Signs of misrule and tokens of unthrift;
Within, profusion to discomfort joined,
The listless body and the vacant mind;
The fear, the hate, the theft and falsehood, born
In menial hearts of toil, and stripes, and scorn!
There, all the vices, which, like birds obscene,
Batten on slavery loathsome and unclean,
From the foul kitchen to the parlor rise,
Pollute the nursery where the child-heir lies,
Taint infant lips beyond all after cure,
With the fell poison of a breast impure;
Touch boyhood's passions with the breath of flame,
From girlhood's instincts steal the blush of shame.

So swells, from low to high, from weak to strong,
The tragic chorus of the baleful wrong;
Guilty or guiltless, all within its range
Feel the blind justice of its sure revenge.

Still scenes like these the moving chart reveals.
Up the long western steppes the blighting steals;
Down the Pacific slope the evil Fate
Glides like a shadow to the Golden Gate:
From sea to sea the drear eclipse is thrown.
From sea to sea the *Mauvaises Terres* have grown,
A belt of curses on the New World's zone!

The curtain fell. All drew a freer breath,
As men are wont to do when mournful death
Is covered from their sight. The Showman stood
With drooping brow in sorrow's attitude
One moment, then with sudden gesture shook
His loose hair back, and with the air and look
Of one who felt, beyond the narrow stage
And listening group, the presence of the age,
And heard the footsteps of the things to be,
Poured out his soul in earnest words and free.

"O friends!" he said, "in this poor trick of paint
You see the semblance, incomplete and faint,
Of the two-fronted Future, which, to-day,
Stands dim and silent, waiting in your way.
To-day, your servant, subject to your will;
To-morrow, master, or for good or ill.
If the dark face of Slavery on you turns,
If the mad curse its paper barrier spurns,
If the world granary of the West is made
The last foul market of the slaver's trade,
Why rail at fate? The mischief is your own.
Why hate your neighbor? Blame yourselves alone!"

"Men of the North! The South you charge with wrong
Is weak and poor, while you are rich and strong.
If questions,—idle and absurd as those
The old-time monks and Paduan doctors chose,—
Mere ghosts of questions, tariffs, and dead banks,

And scarecrow pontiffs, never broke your ranks,
Your thews united could, at once, roll back
The jostled nation to its primal track.
Nay, were you simply steadfast, manly, just,
True to the faith your fathers left in trust,
If stainless honor outweighed in your scale
A codfish quintal or a factory bale,
Full many a noble heart, (and such remain
In all the South, like Lot in Siddin's plain,
Who watch and wait, and from the wrōng's control
Keep white and pure their chastity of soul,)
Now sick to loathing of your weak complaints,
Your tricks as sinners, and your prayers as saints,
Would half-way meet the frankness of your tone,
And feel their pulses beating with your own.

"The North! the South! no geographic line
Can fix the boundary or the point define,
Since each with each so closely interblends,
Where Slavery rises, and where Freedom ends.
Beneath your rocks the roots, far-reaching, hide
Of the fell Upas on the Southern side;
The tree whose branches in your north-winds wave
Dropped its young blossoms on Mount Vernon's grave;
The nursling growth of Monticello's crest
Is now the glory of the free Northwest;
To the wise maxims of her olden school
Virginia listened from thy lips, Rantoul;
Seward's words of power, and Sumner's fresh renown,
Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid down!
And when, at length, her years of madness o'er,
Like the crowned grazer on Euphrates' shore,
From her long lapse to savagery, her mouth
Bitter with baneful herbage, turns the South,
Resumes her old attire, and seeks to smooth
Her unkempt tresses at the glass of truth,
Her early faith shall find a tongue again,
New Wythes and Pinckneys swell that old refrain,
Her sons with yours renew the ancient pact,
The myth of Union prove at last a fact!
Then, if one murmur mars the wide content,
Some Northern lip will drawl the last dissent,

Some Union-saving patriot of your own
Lament to find his occupation gone.

"Grant that the North's insulted, scorned, betrayed,
O'erreached in bargains with her neighbor made,
When selfish thrift and party held the scales
For peddling dicker, not for honest sales,—
Whom shall we strike? Who most deserves our blame?
The braggart Southron, open in his aim,
And bold as wicked, crashing straight through all
That bars his purpose, like a cannon-ball?
Or the mean traitor, breathing northern air,
With nasal speech and puritanic hair,
Whose cant the loss of principle survives,
As the mud-turtle e'en its head outlives;
Who, caught, chin-buried in some foul offence,
Puts on a look of injured innocence,
And consecrates his baseness to the cause
Of constitution, union, and the laws?

"Praise to the place-man who can hold aloof
His still unpurchased manhood, office-proof;
Who on his round of duty walks erect,
And leaves it only rich in self-respect,—
As MORE maintained his virtue's lofty port
In the Eighth Henry's base and bloody court.
But, if exceptions here and there are found,
Who tread thus safely on enchanted ground,
The normal type, the fitting symbol still
Of those who fatten at the public mill,
Is the chained dog beside his master's door,
Or CIRCE's victim, feeding on all four!

"Give me the heroes who, at tuck of drum,
Salute thy staff, immortal Quattlebum!
Or they who, doubly armed with vote and gun,
Following thy lead, illustrious Atchison,
Their drunken franchise shift from scene to scene.
As tile-beard Jourdan did his guillotine!—
Rather than him who, born beneath our skies,
To Slavery's hand its supplest tool supplies,—

The party felon whose unblushing face
Looks from the pillory of his bribe of place,
And coolly makes a merit of disgrace,—
Points to the footmarks of indignant scorn,
Shows the deep scars of satire's tossing horn;
And passes to his credit side the sum
Of all that makes a scoundrel's martyrdom!

"Bane of the North, its canker and its moth!—
These modern Esaus, bartering rights for broth!
Taxing our justice, with their double claim,
As fools for pity, and as knaves for blame;
Who, urged by party, sect, or trade, within
The fell embrace of Slavery's sphere of sin,
Part at the outset with their moral sense,
The watchful angel set for Truth's defence;
Confound all contrasts, good and ill; reverse
The poles of life, its blessing and its curse;
And lose thenceforth from their perverted sight
The eternal difference 'twixt the wrong and right;
To them the Law is but the iron span
That girds the ankles of imbruted man;
To them the Gospel has no higher aim
Than simple sanction of the master's claim,
Dragged in the slime of Slavery's loathsome trail,
Like Chalier's Bible at his ass's tail!

"Such are the men who, with instinctive dread,
Whenever Freedom lifts her drooping head,
Make prophet-tripods of their office-stools,
And scare the nurseries and the village schools
With dire presage of ruin grim and great,
A broken Union and a foundered State!
Such are the patriots, self-bound to the stake
Of office, martyrs for their country's sake:
Who fill themselves the hungry jaws of Fate,
And by their loss of manhood save the State.
In the wide gulf themselves like Curtius throw,
And test the virtues of cohesive dough;
As tropic monkeys, linking heads and tails,
Bridge o'er some torrent of Ecuador's vales!

"Such are the men who in your churches rave
To swearing-point, at mention of the slave!
When some poor parson, haply unawares,
Stammers of freedom in his timid prayers;
Who, if some foot-sore negro through the town
Steals northward, volunteer to hunt him down.
Or, if some neighbor, flying from disease,
Courts the mild balsam of the Southern breeze,
With hue and cry pursue him on his track,
And write *Free-soiler* on the poor man's back.
Such are the men who leave the pedler's cart,
While faring South, to learn the driver's art,
Or, in white neckcloth, soothe with pious aim
The graceful sorrows of some languid dame,
Who, from the wreck of her bereavement, saves
The double charm of widowhood and slaves!—
Pliant and apt, they lose no chance to show
To what base depths apostasy can go;
Outdo the natives in their readiness
To roast a negro, or to mob a press;
Poise a tarred schoolmate on the lynch'er's rail,
Or make a bonfire of their birthplace mail!

"So some poor wretch, whose lips no longer bear
The sacred burden of his mother's prayer,
By fear impelled, or lust of gold enticed,
Turns to the Crescent from the Cross of Christ,
And, over-acting in superfluous zeal,
Crawls prostrate where the faithful only kneel,
Out-howl's the Dervish, hugs his rags to court
The squalid Santon's sanctity of dirt;
And, when beneath the city gateway's span
Files slow and long the Meccan caravan,
And through its midst, pursued by Islam's prayers,
The prophet's Word some favored camel bears,
The marked apostate has his place assigned
The Koran-bearer's sacred rump behind,
With brush and pitcher following, grave and mute,
In meek attendance on the holy brute!

"Men of the North! beneath your very eyes,
By hearth and home, your real danger lies.

Still day by day some hold of freedom falls,
Through home-bred traitors fed within its walls.—
Men whom yourselves with vote and purse sustain,
At posts of honor, influence, and gain;
The right of Slavery to your sons to teach,
And "South-side" Gospels in your pulpits preach,
Transfix the Law to ancient freedom dear
On the sharp point of her subverted spear,
And imitate upon her cushion plump
The mad Missourian lynching from his stump;
Or, in your name, upon the Senate's floor
Yield up to Slavery all it asks, and more;
And, ere your dull eyes open to the cheat,
Sell your old homestead underneath your feet!
While such as these your loftiest outlooks hold,
While truth and conscience with your wares are sold,
While grave-browed merchants band themselves to aid
An annual man-hunt for their Southern trade,
What moral power within your grasp remains
To stay the mischief on Nebraska's plains?—
High as the tides of generous impulse flow,
As far rolls back the selfish undertow;
And all your brave resolves, though aimed as true
As the horse-pistol Balmawhapple drew,
To Slavery's bastions lend as slight a shock
As the poor trooper's shot to Stirling rock!

"Yet, while the need of Freedom's cause demands
The earnest efforts of your hearts and hands,
Urged by all motives that can prompt the heart
To prayer and toil and manhood's manliest part;
Though to the soul's deep tocsin Nature joins
The warning whisper of her Orphic pines,
The north-wind's anger, and the south-wind's sigh,
The midnight sword-dance of the northern sky,
And, to the ear that bends above the sod
Of the green grave-mounds in the Fields of God,
In low, deep murmurs of rebuke or cheer,
The land's dead fathers speak their hope or fear,
Yet let not Passion wrest from Reason's hand
The guiding rein and symbol of command.
Blame not the caution proffering to your zeal

A well-meant drag upon its hurrying wheel;
Nor chide the man whose honest doubt extends
To the means only, not the righteous ends;
Nor fail to weigh the scruples and the fears
Of milder natures and serener years.
In the long strife with evil which began
With the first lapse of new-created man,
Wisely and well has Providence assigned
To each his part,—some forward, some behind;
And they, too, serve who temper and restrain
The o'erwarm heart that sets on fire the brain.
True to yourselves, feed Freedom's altar-flame
With what you have; let others do the same.
Spare timid doubters; set like flint your face
Against the self-sold knaves of gain and place:
Pity the weak; but with unsparing hand
Cast out the traitors who infest the land,—
From bar, press, pulpit, cast them everywhere,
By dint of fasting, if you fail by prayer.
And in their place bring men of antique mould,
Like the grave fathers of your Age of Gold,—
Statesmen like those who sought the primal fount
Of righteous law, the Sermon on the Mount;
Lawyers who prize, like Quincy, (to our day
Still spared, Heaven bless him!) honor more than pay,
And Christian jurists, starry-pure, like Jay;
Preachers like Woolman, or like them who bore
The faith of Wesley to our Western shore,
And held no convert genuine till he broke
Alike his servants' and the Devil's yoke;
And priests like him who Newport's market trod,
And o'er its slave-ships shook the bolts of God!
So shall your power, with a wise prudence used,
Strong but forbearing, firm but not abused,
In kindly keeping with the good of all,
The nobler maxims of the past recall,
Her natural home-born right to Freedom give,
And leave her foe his robber-right,—to live.
Live, as the snake does in his noisome fen!
Live, as the wolf does in his bone-strewn den!
Live, clothed with cursing like a robe of flame,
The focal point of million-fingered shame!

Live, till the Southron, who, with all his faults,
Has manly instincts, in his pride revolts,
Dashes from off him, midst the glad world's cheers,
The hideous nightmare of his dream of years,
And lifts, self-prompted, with his own right hand,
The vile encumbrance from his glorious land!

"So, whereso'er our destiny sends forth
Its widening circles to the South or North,
Where'er our banner flaunts beneath the stars
Its mimic splendors and its cloudlike bars,
There shall Free Labor's hardy children stand
The equal sovereigns of a slaveless land.
And when at last the hunted bison tires,
And dies o'er taken by the squatter's fires;
And westward, wave on wave, the living flood
Breaks on the snow-line of majestic Hood;
And lonely Shasta listening hears the tread
Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hesper-led;
And, gazing downward through his hoar-lock's, sees
The tawny Asian climb his giant knees,
The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to hear
Pacific's surf-beat answer Freedom's cheer,
And one long rolling fire of triumph run
Between the sunrise and the sunset gun!"
My task is done. The Showman and his show,
Themselves but shadows, into shadows go;
And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,
Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung,—
If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,
And the rough picture overwrought appears,—
With deeper coloring, with a sterner blast,
Before my soul a voice and vision passed,
Such as might Milton's jarring trump require,
Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire.
O, not of choice, for themes of public wrong
I leave the green and pleasant paths of song,—
The mild, sweet words which soften and adorn,
For griding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn.
More dear to me some song of private worth,
Some homely idyl of my native North,
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales

Or, grim and weird, her winter fireside tales
Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails,—
Lost barks at parting hung from stem to helm
With prayers of love like dreams on Virgil's elm.
Nor private grief nor malice holds my pen;
I owe but kindness to my fellow-men;
And, South or North, wherever hearts of prayer
Their woes and weakness to our Father bear,
Wherever fruits of Christian love are found
In holy lives, to me is holy ground.
But the time passes. It were vain to crave
A late indulgence. What I had I gave.
Forget the poet, but his warning heed,
And shame his poor word with your nobler deed.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE

I. NOON

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm!—O dark, still wood!
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland,
And skies,—the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain friends!
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

O, welcome calm of heart and mind!
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean powers,
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
The lake is white with lotus-flowers!

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
And slumberous Conscience, waking slow,
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,
Whose ever-nearing steps appall,
Whose voice we hear behind us call,—

That Shadow blends with mountain gray,
It speaks but what the light waves say,—
Death walks apart from Fear to-day!

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I
Alike on Nature's love rely;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to his creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know,
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down:

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon.

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in Bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I:
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky,

How rising moons shine sad and mild
 On wooded isle and silvering bay;
 Or setting suns beyond the piled
 And purple mountains lead the day;

 Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
 Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here
 Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
 The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
 Her choicest gifts to such as gain
 An entrance to her loving heart
 Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes
 One blessing from us others fall;
 And, soon or late, our Father makes
 His perfect recompense to all!

O, watched by Silence and the Night,
 And folded in the strong embrace
 Of the great mountains, with the light
 Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
 Of beauty still, and while above
 Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
 Be thou the mirror of God's love.

THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,
 From inmost founts of life ye start,—
 The spirit's pulse, the vital breath
 Of soul and heart!

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,
 Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,
 Unheard of man, ye enter in
 The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured tasks,
Nor weary rote, nor formal chains;
The simple heart, that freely asks
In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is:
The mercy-seat and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries,
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,
Which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds,
And wearies Heaven for naught above
Our common needs.

Which brings to God's all-perfect will
That trust of his undoubting child
Whereby all seeming good and ill
Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs
Of favor, is content to fall
Within the providence which shines
And rains on all.

Alone, the Thebaid hermit leaned
At noon-time o'er the sacred word.
Was it an angel or a fiend
Whose voice he heard?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,
A human utterance, sweet and mild;
And, looking up, the hermit saw
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,
O'erawed and troubled by the sight
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,
And anchorite.

"What dost thou here, poor man? No shade
Of cool, green dousms, nor grass, nor well,
Nor corn, nor vines." The hermit said:
"With God I dwell.

WHITTIER'S POEMS

"Alone with Him in this great calm,
I live not by the outward sense;
My Nile his love, my sheltering palm
His providence."

The child gazed round him. "Does God live
Here only?—where the desert's rim
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,
We pray to Him.

"My brother tills beside the Nile
His little field: beneath the leaves
My sisters sit and spin the while,
My mother weaves.

"And when the millet's ripe heads fall,
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,
My mother smiles, and says that all
Are gifts from God.

"And when to share our evening meal,
She calls the stranger at the door,
She says God fills the hands that deal
Food to the poor."

Adown the hermit's wasted cheeks
Glistened the flow of human tears;
"Dear Lord!" he said, "thy angel speaks,
Thy servant hears."

Within his arms the child he took,
And thought of home and life with men;
And all his pilgrim feet forsook
Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,
The eyes that smiled through lassish locks,
Home's cradle-hymn and harvest-song,
And least of flocks.

"O child!" he said, "thou teachest me
There is no place where God is not;
That love will make, where'er it be,
A holy spot."

He rose from off the desert sand,
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,
Went, with the young child, hand-in-hand
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert's burning line,
And heard the palm-tree's rustling fan,
The Nile-bird's cry, the low of kine,
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide
He followed as the small hand led
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,
She thanked the stranger with her eyes.
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy
And dumb surprise.

And lo!—with sudden warmth and light
A tender memory thrilled his frame;
New-born, the world-lost anchorite
A man became.

"O sister of El Zara's race,
Behold me!—had we not one mother?"
She gazed into the stranger's face;—
"Thou art my brother!"

"O kin of blood!—Thy life of use
And patient trust is more than mine;
And wiser than the gray recluse
This child of thine.

"For, taught of him whom God hath sent,
 That toil is praise, and love is prayer,
 I come, life's cares and pains content
 With thee to share."

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,
 The hermit's better life began;
 Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,
 And found a man!

THE HERO

"O for a knight like Bayard,
 Without reproach or fear;
 My light glove on his casque of steel,
 My love-knot on his spear!

"O for the white plume floating
 Sad Zutphen's field above,—
 The lion heart in battle,
 The woman's heart in love!

"O that man once more were manly,
 Woman's pride, and not her scorn:
 That once more the pale young mother
 Dared to boast 'a man is born'!

"But, now life's slumberous current
 No sun-bowed cascade wakes;
 No tall, heroic manhood
 The level dulness breaks.

"O for a knight like Bayard,
 Without reproach or fear!
 My light glove on his casque of steel,
 My love-knot on his spear!"

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
 To the time her proud pulse beat,
 "Life hath its regal natures yet,—
 True, tender, brave, and sweet!

"Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind!

"Last to fly, and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek.

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

"'Allah! hul!' Through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbanned riders,
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle,—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band!"

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been!"

"Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,

All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own."

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,

Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like*my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-spearèd the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy teet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

BALLADS

MARY GARVIN

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the lake that never fails,

Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's intervals;
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters foam and flow,
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with bridges, dams, and mills,

How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its freedom of the hills,
Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and stately Champenoon
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the trumpet of the loon!

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds of fire and steam,

Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him like a dream.
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly backward far and fast
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged: the sorrow and the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our own akin;
And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs our mothers sung,
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is always young.

O sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's banks to-day!
O mill-girl watching late and long the shuttle's restless play!
Let, for the once, a listening ear the working hand beguile,
And lend my old Provincial tale, as suits, a tear or smile!

The evening gun had sounded from gray Fort Mary's walls;
Through the forest, like a wild beast, roared and plunged the Saco's falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that damp and gusty grew,
Over cedars darkening inland the smokes of Spurwink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin blazed the crackling walnut
log;
Right and left sat dame and goodman, and between them lay
the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and beside him on her
mat,
Sitting drowsy in the fire-light, winked and purred the mottled
cat.

"Twenty years!" said Goodman Garvin, speaking sadly, under
breath,
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one who speaks of death.

The goodwife dropped her needles: "It is twenty years to-day,
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole our child away."

Then they sank into the silence, for each knew the other's
thought,
Of a great and common sorrow, and words were needed not.

"Who knocks?" cried Goodman Garvin. The door was open
thrown;
On two strangers, man and maiden, cloaked and furred, the
fire-light shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the bear-skin from his head;
"Lives here Elkanah Garvin?" "I am he," the goodman said.

"Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye, for the night is chill with
rain."
And the goodwife drew the settle, and stirred the fire amain.

The maid unclasped her cloak-hood, the fire-light glistened
fair
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft folds of dark brown
hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her: "It is Mary's self I see!
Dear heart!" she cried, "now tell me, has my child come back
to me?"

"My name indeed is Mary," said the stranger, sobbing wild;
"Will you be to me a mother? I am Mary Garvin's child!

"She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but on her dying day
She bade my father take me to her kinsfolk far away.

"And when the priest besought her to do me no such wrong,
She said, 'May God forgive me! I have closed my heart too long.'

"When I hid me from my father, and shut out my mother's
call,
I sinned against those dear ones, and the Father of us all.

"Christ's love rebukes no home-love, breaks no tie of kin
apart;
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of heart.

"Tell me not the Church must censure: she who wept the
Cross beside
Never made her own flesh strangers, nor the claims of blood
denied;

"And if she who wronged her parents, with her child atones
to them,
Earthy daughter, Heavenly mother! thou at least wilt not con-
demn!"

"So, upon her death-bed lying, my blessed mother spake;
As we come to do her bidding, so receive us for her sake."

"God be praised!" said Goodwife Garvin, "He taketh, and he
gives;
He woundeth, but he healeth; in her child our daughter lives!"

"Amen!" the old man answered, as he brushed a tear away,
And, kneeling by his hearthstone, said, with reverence, "Let
us pray."

All its Oriental symbols, and its Hebrew paraphrase,
Warm with earnest life and feeling, rose his prayer of love and
praise.

But he started at beholding, as he rose from off his knee,
The stranger cross his forehead with the sign of Papistrie.

"What is this?" cried Farmer Garvin. "Is an English Christian's home
A chapel or a mass-house, that you make the sign of Rome?"

Then the young girl knelt beside him, kissed his trembling hand, and cried:

"O, forbear to chide my father; in that faith my mother died!

"On her wooden cross at Simcoe the dews and sunshine fall,
As they fall on Spurwink's graveyard; and the dear God
watches all!"

The old man stroked the fair head that rested on his knee;
"Your words, dear child," he answered, "are God's rebuke to
me.

"Creed and rite perchance may differ, yet our faith and hope
be one.
Let me be your father's father, let him be to me a son."

When the horn, on Sabbath morning, through the still and frosty air,
From Spurwink, Pool, and Black Point, called to sermon and to prayer,

To the goody house of worship, where, in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire before the clown,
From the brave coat, lace-embroidered, to the gray frock,
shading down;

From the pulpit read the preacher,—"Goodman Garvin and his wife
Fain would thank the Lord, whose kindness has followed them
through life,

"For the great and crowning mercy, that their daughter, from
the wild,
Where she rests (they hope in God's peace), has sent to them
her child;

"And the prayers of all God's people they ask, that they may
prove
Not unworthy, through their weakness, of such special proof of
love."

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the aged couple stood,
And the fair Canadian also, in her modest maidenhood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubting, "She is Papist born
and bred";
Thought the young men, "T is an angel in Mary Garvin's
stead!"

MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup.

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day..

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!"

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars.

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

'All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

SNOW-BOUND

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
 That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
 Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air. . .

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:.
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm,
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:

And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:-
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle..

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mitten hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read

Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
 And to our own his name we gave,
 With many a wish the luck were ours
 To test his lamp's supernal powers.
 We reached the barn with merry din,
 And roused the prisoned brutes within.
 The old horse thrust his long head out,
 And grave with wonder gazed about;
 The cock his lusty greeting said,
 And forth his speckled harem led;
 The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
 And mild reproach of hunger looked;
 The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,
 Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
 Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
 And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
 The loosening drift its breath before;
 Low circling round its southern zone,
 The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
 No church-bell lent its Christian tone
 To the savage air, no social smoke
 Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
 A solitude made more intense
 By dreary-voiced elements,
 The shrieking of the mindless wind,
 The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
 And on the glass the unmeaning beat
 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
 Beyond the circle of our hearth
 No welcome sound of toil or mirth
 Unbound the spell, and testified
 Of human life and thought outside.
 We minded that the sharpest ear
 The buried brooklet could not hear,
 The music of whose liquid lip
 Had been to us companionship,
 And, in our lonely life, had grown
 To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,

The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,

While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!

Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
 (Since He who knows our need is just,)
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
 Alas for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across the mournful marbles play!
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
 That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old,
 Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
 Or stammered from our school-book lone
 "The Chief of Gambia's golden shore."
 How often since, when all the land
 Was clay in Slavery's shaping hand,
 As if a trumpet called, I've heard
 Dame Mercy Warren's rousing word:
"Does not the voice of reason cry,
Claim the first right which Nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
Nor deign to live a burdened slave!"
 Our father rode again his ride
 On Memphremagog's wooded side;
 Sat down again to moose and samp
 In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
 Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
 Beneath St. François' hemlock-trees;
 Again for him the moonlight shone
 On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
 Again he heard the violin play
 Which led the village dance away.
 And mingled in its merry whirl
 The grandam and the laughing girl.
 Or, nearer home, our steps he led
 Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
 Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
 Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
 Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
 The low green prairies of the sea.

We shared the fishing off Bear's Head,
 And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
 The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals;
 The chowder on the sand-beach made,
 Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
 With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.
 We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
 And dream and sign and marvel told
 To sleepy listeners as they lay
 Stretched idly on the salted hay,
 Adrift along the winding shores,
 When favoring breezes deigned to blow
 The square sail of the gundelow
 And idle lay the useless oars.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
 Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
 Told how the Indian hordes came down
 At midnight on Cochecho town,
 And how her own great-uncle bore
 His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
 Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
 So rich and picturesque and free,
 (The common unrhymed poetry
 Of simple life and country ways.)
 The story of her early days,—
 She made us welcome to her home;
 Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
 We stole with her a frightened look
 At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
 The fame whereof went far and wide
 Through all the simple country side;
 We heard the hawks at twilight play,
 The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
 The loon's weird laughter far away;
 We fished her little trout-brook, knew
 What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
 What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
 She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
 The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
 And heard the wild geese calling loud
 Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And soberer tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewell's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,—
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,—
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew,
A school of porpoise flashed in view.
“Take, eat,” he said, “and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham.”

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies,
And foul or fair could well divine,
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;

Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew
In White of Selborne's loving view,—
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got,
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home,—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;

Before her still a cloud-land lay,
 The mirage loomed across her way;
 The morning dew, that dries so soon,
 With others, glistened at her noon;
 Through years of toil and soil and care,
 From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
 All unprofaned she held apart
 The virgin fancies of the heart.
 Be shame to him of woman born
 Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
 Her evening task the stand beside;
 A full, rich nature, free to trust,
 Truthful and almost sternly just,
 Impulsive; earnest, prompt to act,
 And make her generous thought a fact,
 Keeping with many a light disguise
 The secret of self-sacrifice.
 O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
 That Heaven itself could give thee,—rest,
 Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
 How many a poor one's blessing went
 With thee beneath the low green tent
 Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
 Of all she saw, and let her heart
 Against the household bosom lean,
 Upon the motley-braided mat
 Our youngest and our dearest sat,
 Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
 Now bathed within the fadeless green
 And holy peace of Paradise.
 O, looking from some heavenly hill,
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,
 Or silver reach of river calms,
 Do those large eyes behold me still?
 With me one little year ago:—
 The chill weight of the winter snow
 For months upon her grave has lain;
 And now, when summer south-winds blow
 And brier and hucklebush bloom again,

I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,

Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place,
Its warm glow lit a laughing face
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,

Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding-yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.

A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trainéd thought and lore of book.
Large-brained, clear-eyed,—of such as he
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,
Who, following in War's bloody trail,
Shall every lingering wrong assail;
All chains from limb and spirit strike,
Uplift the black and white alike;
Scatter before their swift advance
The darkness and the ignorance,

The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,
Made murder pastime, and the hell
Of prison-torture possible;
The cruel lie of caste refute,
Old forms remould, and substitute
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,
For blind routine, wise-handed skill;
A school-house plant on every hill,
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence
The quick wires of intelligence;
Till North and South together brought
Shall own the same electric thought,
In peace a common flag salute,
And, side by side in labor's free
And unresentful rivalry,
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfear'd, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,

Revealing with each freak or feint
 The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
 The raptures of Siena's saint.
 Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
 Had facile power to form a fist;
 The warm, dark languish of her eyes
 Was never safe from wrath's surprise.

Brows saintly calm and lips devout
 Knew every change of scowl and pout;
 And the sweet voice had notes more high
 And shrill for social battle-cry.
 Since then what old cathedral town
 Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
 What convent-gate has held its lock
 Against the challenge of her knock!
 Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,
 Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
 Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
 Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
 Or startling on her desert throne
 The crazy Queen of Lebanon
 With claims fantastic as her own,
 Her tireless feet have held their way;
 And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,
 She watches under Eastern skies,
 With hope each day renewed and fresh,
 The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
 Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,
 The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
 The outward wayward life we see,
 The hidden springs we may not know.
 Nor is it given us to discern
 What threads the fatal sisters spun,
 Through what ancestral years has run
 The sorrow with the woman born,
 What forged her cruel chain of moods,
 What set her feet in solitudes,
 And held the love within her mute,
 What mingled madness in the blood,
 A life-long discord and annoy,

Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;
But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,

Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defence
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

So days went on: a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er,
Read and reread out little store,
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry, (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had.)
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,
The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.
Before us passed the painted Greeks,
And daft McGregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetos winding slow

Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle-bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,

Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding knell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,

And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:

Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,

Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends—the few
Who yet remain—shall pause to view

These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth

To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

OCCASIONAL POEMS

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above:
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
 To bear an untried pain,
 The bruised reed He will not break,
 But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove;
 I can but give the gifts He gave,
 And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffed oar;
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not whére His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
 If hopes like these betray,
 Pray for me that my feet may gain
 The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee!

OUR MASTER

IMMORTAL LOVE, forever full,
 Forever flowing free,
 Forever shared, forever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
 All other names above;
 Love only knoweth whence it came,
 And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear;
Why forward reach, or backward look,
For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign;
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all
Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John his smile of love,
With Peter his rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence,
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;

We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates thee, who loves becomes
Thereip to thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one;
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,
 No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
 Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
 All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
 Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
 Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
 To walk with thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all thou art,
 Our noisy championship!—
The sighing of the contrite heart
 Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
 Nor thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well canst spare a love of thee
 Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
 What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
 But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
 We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
 His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
 Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
 The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minister turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

THE VANISHERS

SWEETEST of all childlike dreams
In the simple Indian lore
Still to me the legend seems
Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,
Never reached nor found at rest,
Baffling search, but beckoning on
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Through the dark of lowland firs,
Flash the eyes and flow the locks
Of the mystic Vanishers!

And the fisher in his skiff,
And the hunter on the moss,
Hear their call from cape and cliff,
See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green
Twilight of the clustered pines,
In their faces rarely seen
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow
On the slopes of westering knolls;
In the wind they whisper low
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine!
 Thou and I have seen them too;
 On before with beck and sign
 Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail
 In the gold of setting day;
 More than gleams of wing or sail
 Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,
 Gleams and glories seen and flown,
 Far-heard voices sweet with truth,
 Airs from viewless Eden blown,—

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
 Sweetness that transcends our taste,
 Loving hands we may not clasp,
 Shining feet that mock our haste,—

Gentle eyes we closed below,
 Tender voices heard once more,
 Smile and call us, as they go
 On and onward, still before.

Guided thus, O friend of mine!
 Let us walk our little way,
 Knowing by each beckoning sign
 That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still, with baffled feet,
 Smiling eye and waving hand,
 Sought and seeker soon shall meet,
 Lost and found, in Sunset Land!

REVISITED

READ AT THE "LAURELS," ON THE MERRIMACK, 6TH MONTH, 1865.

THE roll of drums and the bugle's wailing
 Vex the air of our vales no more;
 The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,
 The share is the sword the soldier wore!

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,
Under thy banks of laurel bloom;
Softly and sweet, as the hour besemeth,
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tenderer voices of nature
Temper the triumph and chaste mirth,
Full of the infinite love and pity
For fallen martyr and darkened hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for ashes,
And the oil of joy for mourning long,
Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy waters
Break into jubilant waves of song!

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,
Give us a waft of the north-wind laden
With sweetbrier odors and breath of kine!

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,
The green repose of thy Plymouth meadows,
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,
And Winnipesaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall;
Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken
Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle-song of thy hillside fountains
Here in thy glory and strength repeat;
Give us a taste of thy upland music,
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses
Pour the music and weave the flowers;
With the song of birds and bloom of meadows
Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on! bring down, O lowland river,
 The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;
 The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains,
 The breath of the woodlands, bear with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,
 Mirth and labor shall hold their truce;
 Dance of water and mill of grinding,
 Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the Northland's strength and glory,
 Pride and hope of our home and race,—
 Freedom lending to rugged labor
 Tints of beauty and lines of grace.

Once again, O beautiful river,
 Hear our greetings and take our thanks;
 Hither we come, as Eastern pilgrims
 Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet untrodden,
 Though never his word has stilled thy waves,
 Well for us may thy shores be holy,
 With Christian altars and saintly graves.

And well may we own thy hint and token
 Of fairer valleys and streams than these,
 Where the rivers of God are full of water,
 And full of sap are his healing trees!

THE COMMON QUESTION

BEHIND us at our evening meal
 The gray bird ate his fill,
 Swung downward by a single claw,
 And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
 And set his head aslant,
 And, in his sharp, impatient way,
 Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing,
And go to sleep";—but o'er and o'er
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said:—
How like are men and birds!
We all are saying what he says,
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
We fain the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers alway.

The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of him
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest and perch and hearth and church
Repeat, "Thy will be done."

BRYANT ON HIS BIRTHDAY

We praise not now the poet's art,
The rounded beauty of his song;
Who weighs him from his life apart
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown
 With charms to common sight denied,—
 The marvellous gift he shares alone
 With him who walked on Rydal-side;

Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,
 Too grave for smiles, too sweet for tears;
 We speak his praise who wears to-day
 The glory of his seventy years.

When Peace brings Freedom in her train,
 Let happy lips his songs rehearse;
 His life is now his noblest strain,
 His manhood better than his verse!

Thank God! his hand on Nature's keys
 Its cunning keeps at life's full span;
 But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times like these,
 The poet seems beside the man!

So be it! let the garlands die,
 The singer's wreath, the painter's meed,
 Let our names perish, if thereby
 Our country may be saved and freed!

HYMN

FOR THE OPENING OF THOMAS STARR
KING'S HOUSE OF WORSHIP, 1864.

AMIDST these glorious works of thine,
 The solemn minarets of the pine,
 And awful Shasta's icy shrine,—

Where swell thy hymns from wave and gale,
 And organ-thunders never fail,
 Behind the cataract's silver veil,—

Our puny walls to Thee we raise,
 Our poor reed-music sounds thy praise:
 Forgive, O Lord, our childish ways!

For, kneeling on these altar-stairs,
We urge Thee not with selfish prayers,
Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before Thee, in an evil day,
Our country's bleeding heart we lay,
And dare not ask thy hand to stay;

But, through the war-cloud, pray to thee
For union, but a union free,
With peace that comes of purity!

That Thou wilt bare thy arm to save
And, smiting through this Red Sea wave,
Make broad a pathway for the slave!

For us, confessing all our need,
We trust nor rite nor word nor deed,
Nor yet the broken staff of creed.

Assured alone that Thou art good
To each, as to the multitude,
Eternal Love and Fatherhood,—

Weak, sinful, blind, to Thee we kneel,
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel
Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these Western gates of Even
We wait to see with thy forgiven
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven!

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall holier altars rise to thee,—
Thy Church our broad humanity!

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.

A sweeter song shall then be heard,—
The music of the world's accord
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One hope, one faith, one love, restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.

THOMAS STARR KING

THE great work laid upon his twoscore years
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears,
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan
With him whose life stands rounded and approved
In the full growth and stature of a man.
Mingle, O bells, along the Western slope,
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!
Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!
Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.
O East and West! O morn and sunset twain
No more forever!—has he lived in vain
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?